WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PRESS?

The Reporter

November 25, 1952 25c

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His revels now are ended? (see page 37)

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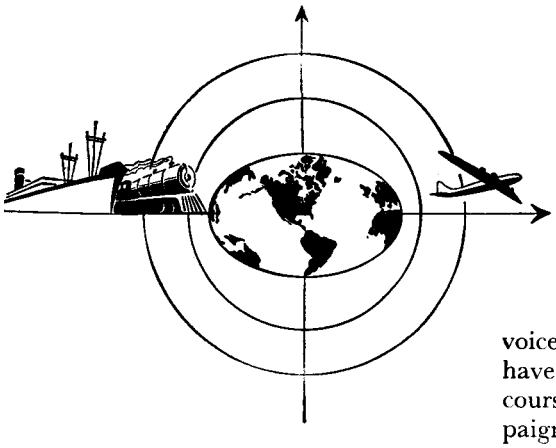

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

To Our Next President

Even at the risk of appearing selfish, we do not mind saying that we have a feeling of deep relief, for, now that we have received such a licking, we can get back to work. Our business is to single out the issues that really matter, at home and abroad, to bring to bear on them whatever ability we have to unravel their complexity. For we believe that, by thinking straight and acting accordingly, Americans can do something about even the most irksome issues. This requires the constant use of balanced, qualified judgment, and a capacity to recognize the countless shades of color between gleaming white and darkest black.

In a Presidential campaign there is no room for intermediate choices. We can vote a split ticket when we are in the polling booth, but there is no way of splitting the vote between the two main protagonists in the fight. It is always either/or—either Dewey or Truman, Ike or Adlai. It has to be this way, and we love democracy because it demands of the people such inescapable decisions. In a Presidential campaign everybody, sooner or later, must take a stand, and certainly those men whose business it is to influence other people's opinions are not exempted from the duty of allying themselves to one side or the other. Of course they may decide that both alternatives are unacceptable, but even refusal to choose is a choice which demands fair and unequivocal explanation from men in public life.

Frankly, we have no patience with those columnists who, during the last election, have ruined whole fields of blooming daisies, pulling off one petal after another—I trust Ike, I trust him not—and muttering their preference for Ike at intervals with a quavering voice. As far as we are concerned, we have no apologies or regrets for the course we followed during the campaign. Together with a very large number of our fellow citizens who had put their fondest hopes in Eisenhower, we moved over to the Stevenson side. Today more than ever we salute in Stevenson the man for whom we are proud to have taken our stand.

Once more we are glad to go back to our business, which is thinking and writing as clearly as we can on political issues, in complete freedom from any party allegiance. We are analysts, not cheer leaders. We welcome the election results for at least one reason: that they give us a fine opportunity for outspoken, responsible thinking and writing.

THE JOB at hand is to express our qualified judgment on how we stand toward the President-elect and his defeated opponent. The end of the campaign marked the beginning of our work *on* the campaign, on what it has meant and what it has done to the American people. When an election is over, the large majority of the citizens are only too eager to forget about it all—and this is as it should be. But there are things that we, because of the work that is ours, because of our responsibility toward our readers, cannot allow ourselves to forget—not for a long time.

WE DON'T think we need to dwell at length on what is, among people who believe in democracy, a matter of course: We wish General Eisenhower a most successful Administration. Indeed, we wish that our nation's next Chief Executive may find among his fellow Republicans the same respect and loyalty that he will receive from people like ourselves who stood against him.

Yet, at the risk of being called poor losers, we must add that not even his victory can erase from our memory the recollection of what he, Eisenhower, did to the country and to himself during the campaign. Of course we knew what kind of talk "campaign oratory" can put into the mouths of even as good and great men as Wendell Willkie and Franklin Roosevelt. But we did not expect that Eisenhower—of all men—to attain his end, the Presidency, would use such means and such people.

What shocked us most was the one and only argument that, with countless variations, he developed in asking for the votes of the American electorate: Because of my past performance, you can be sure that if you elect me, everything will be fixed. Even the issue that should have been the least partisan of all—Korea—he approached with the "Papa-fixes" nostrum.

We would like to hope that President Eisenhower will live up to the attainments of the General who liberated Europe and, more than anyone else, led it toward unity. Because of the means he used to win, we find it difficult to entertain this hope. Yet we are not the kind of people who like to oppose for opposition's sake. And should the time come, we would not hesitate a moment to tell our readers that at long last we recognized once more in Eisenhower the man in whom, just a few months ago, we put all our trust. For the time being, we only hope, with all our heart, that the President will live down the record of the candidate.

AS TO Adlai Stevenson, we still believe that he proved in many respects a remarkable and unusual candidate. He was straightforward, he was honest; most of the time, he was eloquent—with his peculiar kind of eloquence that can at times be stirring in spite of the fact that its narrow range makes it powerful only when it expresses the inner voice of an introspective, somewhat secluded man. We shall never forget his acceptance speech at the Chicago Convention, though in his campaign he never regained that peak.

As he solemnly promised, he talked

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sense to the American people, and this alone would be enough to make of him a much-needed figure in our public life. He also promised to tell the truth to the American people, and certainly during his campaign he never said anything that a fair-minded opponent could consider untrue. Again, this is enough to give Stevenson a position of unique distinction.

But telling the truth is something quite different from not telling anything which is untrue. Telling the truth requires a hard, sustained effort in bringing forth facts and ideas which many people may not like but which must be faced just the same if we are to act properly. One of these truths that the Democratic leaders left unsaid during the campaign is that the country owes a great debt to Secretary Acheson both for the good he has done and for the evil he has prevented—at an appalling personal cost.

From now on, we move to our new assignment: how and why there could be such a landslide, and what the American people have done, for good and evil, to themselves and to the world.

Feeling for Pat

The strangest things happen during a campaign, and one of the strangest happened when both Presidential candidates found themselves competing in casting obloquy on Senator McCarran. There was something extraordinary in this bipartisan opposition to the Immigration Act that goes under McCarran's name. When the President vetoed that Act there certainly was no such bipartisan push on Capitol Hill to sustain the President's veto.

How come now, all of a sudden, McCarran had become the nation's villain? For a brief moment we felt sorry for Pat. But then we reflected that when the new Congress convenes and concern over the so-called foreign vote dies down, McCarran may again muster a majority as imposing as the one that backed him against the President. And then our compassion moved to some more appropriate object.

White Lambs and Black Sheep

No one can know to what an extent the deep thinking of editorial writers and columnists affects the large masses of voters and the election returns. But there was one particular argument, largely used by the to-a-certain-extent-pro-Eisenhower thinkers, which we would like to pin down now, for it burdens them with quite a responsibility.

If Eisenhower is defeated, the argument ran, the Republican Party will turn into a reckless and unmanageable force—a runaway party driven madly by the least respectable of its leaders. *Therefore,* it was said, this party must be entrusted with the responsibilities of government—precisely because it was unfit to assume the responsibilities of a loyal, patriotic Opposition. The Republican Party, it was argued, must be saved from itself: The good lambs who still are in it would be stampeded by the black sheep in their midst should the flock be once more denied the coveted green pastures.

Therefore, it was argued, the gates leading to the green pastures have to be sprung open so that the whole flock may have its fill, all of them, white lambs together with the black sheep rampaging in their midst. If the gates are opened, it was urged, the big sheepherder will re-establish his mastery. Yet the thinkers themselves freely admitted that the big sheepherder was far from being in control of his flock. *Therefore,* they concluded, he must be given a second chance. If he isn't, may God save us all from the forces of evil that will be unleashed.

Those who sounded the warning were, at least in one respect, righter than they thought. What they feared would happen in case of a Republican defeat was a plain, ugly, inescapable fact taking place under their eyes. The Republican Party has turned into a coalition of ill-assorted political forces, kept together mostly by a hungry surge after power. Even during the last campaign it carried along a very large number of decent, patriotic citizens who felt sick at heart, for they did not know where they were being led. This momentous fact becomes particularly tragic now, since the G.O.P., by using all possible emotional public-relations gimmicks, has swept along such a large majority of voters in its wild stampede.

The men who used to be called the Old Guard seem now to have regained control of the G.O.P. But do we know, can anybody know, the aims and the motives of the new backstage leaders? If General Eisenhower is going to have any chance to keep the lunatic fringe of his party under control, he will have it to a large extent because of the support he will receive from responsible Democrats. Of course he can also count on quite a number of patriotic Republicans, for we, unlike the above-mentioned thinkers, have confidence in these men—Ives of New York, for instance, and many others—and we never thought, even if their party had lost, that they could be stampeded by the lunatic-fringers in their midst.

Now the whole flock, white lambs and black sheep, have at last gained unlimited use of the green pastures. We do hope, for the nation's sake, that the big sheepherder may regain some control over his flock. But while we wait and pray, we certainly would not like to be in the shoes of Walter Lippmann. —M. A.

SALES CAMPAIGN

Hail to B.B.D.&O.,
It told the nation how to go;
It managed by advertisement
To sell us a new President.

EISENHOWER HITS THE SPOT,
ONE FULL GENERAL, THAT'S A LOT.

FEELING SLUGGISH, FEELING SICK?
TAKE A DOSE OF IKE AND DICK.

PHILIP MORRIS, LUCKY STRIKE,
ALKA-SELTZER, I LIKE IKE.

—Sec

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CORRESPONDENCE

ALTRUISM IN ACTION

To The Editor: The October 14 issue of *The Reporter* proved of more than usual interest to members of the Mutual Security Agency. As your masthead page notes, Willard Savoy ("Can We Ever Win the Mind of Asia?") served until recently in the MSA, while Jerome Forrest ("General MacArthur and His Vanishing War History") is now with the agency. In addition, Jean Lyon's "U.S. Aid Prescription for India" deals briefly with MSA.

It is to the Lyon article that we must take exception. The flat statement that MSA efforts in such fields as anti-malarial compaigns are undertaken "because we don't want American troops to get malaria at some future date" maligns the stalwart work begun in Asia by American technicians of ECA before the Point Four program ever came into existence, and which is being carried on today in four Asian countries by the Special Technical and Economic Missions of MSA. When these Missions assist the governments of Asia to carry out fights against disease, illiteracy, and impoverishment, the sole object is to help improve the lot of the peoples. . . . To imply that our interest is dominated by a desire to "clear the place up" for future American military actions is to play the Communist game of poisoning the mind of Asia against the West.

The American security interest in this program lies in the knowledge that, in the determination of Asians to preserve their newly won freedoms and to improve their status in life, the empty promises of Communism will beckon where democracy fails to provide visible and sincere evidences of its friendship.

JOSEPH L. NEWMAN
Chief, Domestic Information Branch
Mutual Security Agency
Washington, D. C.

NEW GOALS FOR LIBERALS

To The Editor: As one who has participated in the Washington scene since early New Deal days, I was much impressed by the sharpness of thought in Joseph C. Harsch's article in your issue of September 30, "Are Liberals Obsolete?" Harsch thinks they aren't. But their great primary contribution has been made by persuading the "majority of the American voters, and both of the major American political parties, that the prevention of mass unemployment and great depressions is a responsibility of the national government."

Now he suggests that the Liberal forget the national stage, where he is a "surplus commodity," and turn his attention to such objectives as safeguarding individual liberty and freeing local communities from "tyranny, exploitation, injustice, and corruption."

But before the Liberals vacate Washington, how about another look around?

As one who had a little to do with framing the Full Employment bill which he thinks has gone a long way toward making us superfluous, let me point that while we have given lip service to preventing economic dislocation and mass unemployment, little really has been done that will do so. We have just the barest outline of what kinds of measures it would take to make the national government responsible for the prevention of depressions. We haven't even been able to get general acceptance of the relatively mild control measures required to halt the current inflation.

If the incoming President is at all wise, he will see to it that he gets some longheaded practical Liberals at work on the highest policy level producing a program to ease the changeover from high defense expenditures to high non-defense expenditures. In that field there is plenty for Liberals to do.

As we Liberals conquer such heights of national policy, I wonder if Harsch wouldn't give us the opportunity to work in the international field. Those of us who aren't prepared to go to work on local ward problems back home, that is. Won't it take some able Liberals to help formulate and help gain acceptance for such concepts as a sound program of exchanging raw materials, for a really adequate Point Four program, for a U.N. that could manage cartels in the public interest or could stop the current reactionary-isolationist drive to destroy UNESCO?

The early cluster of ardent and capable New Deal Liberals had a tremendous impact on national policy through their Washington efforts. Now, grown older and more sedate, many of them have drifted back to their regular occupations or gone on into money-making pursuits. But some have stayed on and are among the most effective men in Washington, few among them feeling the frustration your writer ascribes to us.

Given such critical economic situations as are probably inevitable during the next Administration, this small group of professionally qualified men and women will be augmented by many more called in from professional pursuits, for such problems as we face today are not solved in any traditional manner. They require the minds and wills of people who are expertly trained and sufficiently unfettered so that the status quo does not determine the limits of their plans.

DEWEY ANDERSON
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor: I am dumfounded by the static concept of liberalism expressed by Joseph C. Harsch, especially because he cites social security as the archetype of a field in which all battles have been won, leaving the so-called "Liberals" shivering and naked of ideas on their own battleground, stripped of cause and objective by their past victories.

Social security is certainly one of the major achievements of the New Deal-Fair Deal. However, it is an achievement which has come step by step and one whose ultimate goals are far from won. We are still far from meeting all the basic security needs of all our people or meeting them on the scale such economists as Sumner Slichter of Harvard feel our productive capacity warrants. Far too many people still have to depend on the uncertainties, inadequacies, and inescapably humiliating processes of public relief. Farmers still do not have the social insurance protection of other working people. There is still no insurance protection against one of the most dreaded sources of economic want, loss of earnings due to illness or protracted disability. An able-bodied man can retire in dignity at sixty-five, but his bedridden neighbor, forced to retire at sixty-three, can only look to public relief. There are many other challenges to American social ingenuity.

I am not competent to say whether former New Dealers and Fair Dealers have lost political muscle, as Harsch contends. There seems to be neither moss nor dogma nor administrative preoccupation clinging to Chester Bowles or Wilson Wyatt or Mrs. Roosevelt. Where there have been individual or collective casualties it has surely been due not to an excess but to a deficiency of the dynamic capacity for growth which is the very essence of liberalism. Settling complacently into the armchair comforts of remembered victories is not liberalism but the *rigor mortis* of terminal conservatism. It is then that addiction to dogma takes its grip upon old soldiers and tired Liberals alike.

ELIZABETH WICKENDEN
New York City

HAPPINESS THE ELUSIVE

To The Editor: I take exception to some of the ideas expressed in Madeleine Chapsal's "What's Wrong with the French Moral Fiber?" (*The Reporter,* October 28).

Speaking of happiness, of what it means to the French people, of their awareness that one endangers it by going to extremes, Miss Chapsal points out that the world nowadays seems to be telling France that she must fight to defend that happiness to which she is so attached. "The fact is, however," Miss Chapsal remarks, "that one can take up arms in defense of life, honor, a faith, or liberty, but not of happiness. Happiness is an enterprise that demands exclusive attention. It collapses the minute one takes one's eye off it."

I cannot see how it is possible to separate happiness from such eternal concepts as life, honor, faith, and liberty. Aren't they all so deeply interwoven that the peril of one endangers them all? Moreover, far from believing that happiness requires one's exclusive attention, I think it thrives on neglect. In fact, should I ever have to dig out a quick slogan on the best way to reach happiness, I would recommend: "For God's sake, take you eyes off it!"

CARLA PEKELIS
Larchmont, New York

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MAX ASCOLI

What's Wrong With the Press?

TO NO OTHER CATEGORY of people, not even to the Presidential candidates, has the 1952 campaign brought so much trial and misery as to newspaper and magazine publishers, editors, and political writers. Unfortunately, the best among them have suffered the most. During the campaign the publisher and editors of the New York *Times* might have wished that their paper did not have so many friends, divided as to political allegiance but unanimous in considering it the finest in the country. For certainly the Hearst papers were spared the trials of conflicting demands from passionate readers, and there is no evidence that Pegler has been torn by any conflict between the political stand of his publishers and the demands of his conscience.

In a Presidential campaign, the excellence as well as the shortcomings of a newspaper are at the same time highlighted and subjected to a very hard test. When political passions are at their highest, many of the established, routinized practices of the best papers prove to be questionable. Here again, it is not our fault if we single out the New York *Times*.

One of this paper's practices is that every individual or group that has money enough (around $75,000) to put its message over a radio-and-TV coast-to-coast network can count on having this message saved for posterity in that daily installment of the archives of history that is the New York *Times*. This is just as automatic and predictable as the publication in the *Congressional Record* of every speech that is pronounced, or might have been pronounced, on the floor of Congress. Such a fair hospitality offered to any speaker, even to a McCarthy, would be quite unobjectionable if the *Times* would take the initiative in investigating and checking in the shortest possible time the charges a McCarthy may make. That this is possible was proved by the Washington *Post*, which, the day after it carried McCarthy's speech, had it dissected on the front page by Ferdinand Kuhn. It should be normal journalistic ethics that a scurrilous pronouncement attracting national attention should provide the lead for a news story to which the best reporters and researchers are assigned. But most of our best newspapers prefer to counteract the falsehoods they have to print with shrieks of editorial protest rather than by digging out the truth.

The Token Nickel

The American press, daily and periodical, goes through recurrent convulsive crises usually coinciding with the quadrennial cycle of Presidential campaigns. When the returns are in, a short period of breast-beating usually follows; but the causes of the disturbance remain and will show up again—four years later. Then again it will be seen that something has gone wrong, quite wrong, in the relationship between many a publication and the men and women who work for it, just as something has gone wrong in the relationship between the publication and its readers.

The fact is that the larger the number of readers a publication has, the smaller is the fraction of its total revenue that it receives from them. The difference, of course, is made up by advertising—a difference so great that the few pennies or nickels spent by the buyer are but a token or nominal payment for a fat package of printed matter. The buyer of the package is forthwith enticed to do some more buying. Each purchase of mouthwash brings him closer to equitable payment for the news or the glamorous pictures he has acquired at such bargain rates. So the system goes.

It concentrates enormous power in the hands of advertising agencies. The power is not ordinarily exerted in the ways that Communist maniacs or left-wingers-at-large customarily decry. As a rule, advertising agencies are more interested in cultivating the buying habits of the public than in dictating policies: They are more mouthwash-minded than politics-minded.

In our country they stand between the major

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centers of economic power—the gigantic corporations—and the press. In most European nations the local counterparts of our General Motors or Westinghouse directly own or subsidize publications in order to increase their bargaining power with their governments. There is nothing of this kind in our country, where the advertising agencies, by acting as buffers between big business and the publications, are a guarantee of the freedom of the press. They are, however, not at all free from professional prejudices—most dangerous of all, the prejudice that the influence they exert on buying habits also fits them to mold thinking habits.

Never has the huckster's arrogance gone so far as during the 1952 Presidential election. This of course applies to only a few high-powered advertising men; but the measure of success they have achieved indicates what a debasing influence the huckster-in-politics can exert on our moral and political standards. And never as during this election have the major mass publications taken so many liberties with their readers. Why shouldn't they? Their major source of revenue comes not from their readers but from advertising.

Such was the case particularly with the three major news magazines—*Time, Newsweek,* and *U. S. News & World Report. Time,* of course, was way out in front, matchless in the art of slanting and distorting news, with its formidable research and checking departments given a holiday for the duration of the campaign. Unrestrained malice could do the job of making the digest of the news both partisan and plausible. It must not be forgotten that *Time,* unlike *U. S. News & World Report,* never came out officially or editorially for Eisenhower. It simply kept publishing what was favorable to Eisenhower and unfavorable to his opponent, and called it "news."

This Unbusinesslike Business

This brazenness cannot be blamed on the advertising agencies, but it certainly never would have been so bold and far-reaching in its impact were it not for the fact that advertising revenue both shelters and fattens up publications like *Time.* The timidity of the advertising agencies invariably tends further to establish and strengthen already established and strong "popular" publications. By no means can all that's wrong with the American press, the best and the worst, be attributed to the influence of the advertising agencies. But certainly they have a great deal to do with determining a most anomalous situation: the fact that for publications, unlike any other kind of business enterprise, service rendered the consumer is only a partial cause of success.

A new journalistic venture has no way of reaching its potential readers unless it receives income from advertising, but advertising is rather disinclined to take chances on new ventures. So the circle goes. Yet the American press is unanimous and belligerent in upholding the principles of free enterprise and in maintaining that if freedom is to survive, every possible chance must be given to free initiative. The only limitation to the principle the American press proclaims is in the practices it lives by.

Within the franchise created by its advertising revenue, every publication tries to consolidate its own little or big monopoly on its audience. This is why even a newspaper like the New York *Times,* which has a monopoly established by its excellence, can grow sluggish and, in the turmoil of an election, falter in checking the news it carries.

In our country we are blessed by the fact that we have not what the Marxists call class consciousness. During a Presidential campaign, as a part of the ritual, each party tries to affix on the other a class tag, but this is just a campaign trick, for actually both parties go out of their way to attract every possible category of voters. But we have now, to the sorrow of many journalists and of the public at large, what may be called a class press—with only a few honorable exceptions. This is why the largest number of our publications, in moments of national decision, huddle together on one side. It happens to be the side which allegedly is the most devoted to the preservation of our business system.

Yet the press is the most freakish, unbusinesslike segment of this system—actually a by-product rather than an integral part of it. It is because of the marginal position it holds that the press is so fanatical in its defense of free enterprise everywhere—except in the field of publication. The press derives its main source of income from advance payment on the profits that business expects to receive from prospective customers. No wonder it is fidgety and unsure of itself—particularly in the moments when every individual and every group must take its stand.

CAN THIS SITUATION ever be changed? It certainly doesn't do any good to anybody concerned—the publisher, the writer, the public, even the advertising agency that is made uneasy by its own power. Can the American press ever become a legitimate, and not parasitical, partner of the business system and prove that in its own ranks there is room for free new initiative?

Since *The Reporter* started as a free new enterprise, we have tried to the best of our ability to live up to the task we set ourselves. We are proud of our ever-growing readership, but certainly ours is not an easy job. Sometime, perhaps, we shall talk about this—and not just in our own interest.

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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in this issue . . .

To meet printing and shipping schedules, all but the first two pages of this issue of *The Reporter* had to be ready for the presses before the election returns could be known. Thus our articles on the Fourth Estate were researched and written with a view to their validity no matter which candidate won. They deal with a problem that will remain with us: the kind of service the American public has—and has not—been getting from its standard sources of information, the newspapers and national magazines.

GORDON COTLER is on the staff of the *New Yorker*. . . . *ROBERT LASCH* is an editorial writer for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. . . . *MARYA MANNES* wrote *Message from a Stranger* and is currently at work on a new novel. . . . *M. R. WERNER*, biographer, historian, and newspaperman, is the author of *Tammany Hall*. . . . *PRESTON SCHOYER*, author of three novels about China, served as an intelligence officer with the Army in China. . . . *ERNEST HALPERIN* is Belgrade correspondent for the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*. . . . *THEODORE DRAPER*, historian and journalist, has been traveling in Europe and Africa for *The Reporter*. . . . *H. G. NICHOLAS* is a Fellow of New College, Oxford, and the author of a study of the British elections of 1950. . . . *SYLVIA WRIGHT* is doing free-lance writing in New York and has been an editor in the State Department information program. . . . *ROBERT HATCH*, movie critic, is familiar to readers of this magazine. His recent review of "High Noon" evoked much controversial comment. . . . *FREDERICK MORTON* is a novelist and critic who lectures at the New School for Social Research. . . . Front cover by *ROBERT SHORE*.

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That Plague of Spots From Madison Avenue

GORDON COTLER

BECAUSE spot commercials are the mortar with which radio and television time is put together, only the nimblest dial twisters were able to escape generous exposure to a brand-new use of spots during the closing days of the Presidential campaign. These were the spot commercials to sell Presidential candidates. The first well-laid plan for them came from Rosser Reeves, a partner in the advertising firm of Ted Bates & Company. Reeves, no mere theoretician, wrote the "Eisenhower Answers America" spot campaign, which put the General on what was estimated to be between $1.5 and $2 million worth of air time during the fortnight before Election Day.

A dapper and personable man whose speech is heavy with the diphthongs of his native Virginia, Rosser Reeves looks altogether too youthful to be a partner in an advertising firm with billings of about $35 million a year. Bates's clients include the makers of Kool Cigarettes, Colgate Dental Cream, Minute Maid Frozen Juice, and Carter's Little Liver Pills. The Bates agency is extremely spot-conscious; $17 million of its billings go into spots—more than any other agency handles.

The Bates agency did not go looking for the Republicans with radio spots. The way Reeves likes to tell it, three Republicans were at a Rhode Island golf club one day last summer soon after the Conventions when they heard President Truman use the line "You never had it so good" in a speech. The three agreed that this was a very effective slogan, and they tried to think of one to combat it. Not being advertising men but, respectively, a metals manufacturer, an independent oilman, and an investment banker, they finally conceded defeat, put in a long-distance call to their friend Rosser Reeves, and asked if he could devise an effective counter-punch. Reeves advised the trio that the Truman slogan was a tough one to combat directly, and it would probably be best to approach the problem of boosting the Eisenhower cause from another angle. He promised to give the matter some thought.

A few days earlier, Reeves had shown a random audience of five hundred people a movie of MacArthur's speech to the Republican Convention. The purposes of the showing had been non-political. Reeves had followed the movie with a new spot commercial that he wanted to test for what the

Bates people call penetration—that is, the capacity of the radio commercial to "penetrate the brains" of the audience. He was pleased to learn that ninety-one per cent of the audience was able to return what had been said in the one-minute spot. He was also interested in the discovery that only eight per cent could make sense out of MacArthur's forty-five-minute speech.

Reeves now added to the MacArthur speech-penetration test other pertinent considerations: that Chester Bowles, in whose advertising agency Reeves had worked some years ago, had saved himself from certain defeat in his bid for the governorship of Connecticut by a last-minute spot campaign; that the spot can deliver more listeners for less money than any other form of advertising; that even an important political speech is lucky to draw a Neilsen rating of 5; and that a message completely comprehended by only eight per cent of an audience made up of five per cent of a *potential* audience is hardly worth delivering.

Reeves concluded that concentration on spots might turn the trick for Eisenhower. He met with the golf threesome and said he would provide a campaign if they could raise the money to put it on the air. He proposed a campaign to consist entirely of radio and television spots featuring General Eisenhower ("He was the product," Reeves has since pointed out), and to be aired only in key markets the last two weeks before election. Since spots carry three times the impact of network shows, Reeves said, the expenditure of $2 million for the saturation program that he suggested would be the equivalent of the purchase of an annual, national, regular network-time campaign worth at least $200 million. The golfers told him to prepare the plan; they went out to look for the money.

'Saturation Programming'

Reeves asked a friend and former Bates man, Michael Levin, now Director of Radio and Television Creative Production for Erwin, Wasey and Company, another advertising firm, if he would prepare a market analysis for a spot campaign for Eisenhower. Levin started attacking the problem on a

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Friday and came up on Monday with sixteen closely typed pages and ten appendixes. The gist of Levin's report was that the Republicans would win if they could take forty-nine counties in twelve key states from the Democrats. This plan, amended many times before Election Day, was presented to the Citizens for Eisenhower in the Hunt Room of Twenty-One, a New York restaurant, in mid-August, and was enthusiastically received. Through Governor Sherman Adams it was then taken to Eisenhower. When the General gave his whole-hearted endorsement, Ted Bates & Company was officially retained by Citizens for Eisenhower.

While Reeves set about mapping the plan of action, Jock Whitney and other top Citizens set out to raise the $1.2 million believed to constitute the minimum needed for "saturation" programming—in this case, exposing the average listener to four or five spots a day. A confidential memorandum prepared for fund raisers urged them to face up to the fact that large contributions would have to come from capital. "One has to SELL STOCKS," the memo adjured. "This program cannot be effective if it is dependent on available income because there just 'ain't none.' "

Every evening for a month, after his day's work on Bates's regular accounts, Reeves repaired to a room at the St. Regis to struggle with Eisenhower copy. He received volunteer help from a number of top ad men, including Barry Ryan of Ruthrauff & Ryan; C. L. Fitzgerald and H. M. Dancer of Dancer-Fitzgerald and Sample, Fred Rudge of Fisher & Rudge; and Julien Field of Grey Advertising.

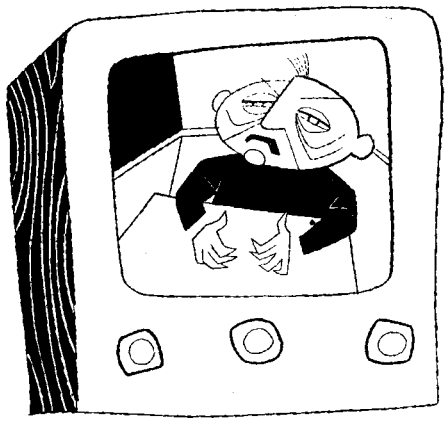
Reeves's main difficulty was in keeping each spot to one idea. It had long been established to his satisfaction that the simple theme "It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth" was an extraordinarily successful way to sell Colgate toothpaste. "I think of a man in a voting booth who hesitates between two levers as if he were pausing between competing tubes of toothpaste in a drugstore," Reeves has since observed. "The brand that has made the highest penetration on his brain will win his choice, and the nature of the human brain is such that a one-minute or thirty-second speech, expertly crystallized, gets a maximum penetration on its content."

REEVES prepared all forty television spots and twenty-nine radio spots on three themes: the war in Korea, high taxes and high prices, and corruption in Washington. The copy demonstrated mainly that the General was aware of these problems.

General Eisenhower spent a day in September shooting the television shots at Transfilm, Inc., in midtown Manhattan, and the next morning he made the radio spots. Citizens for Eisenhower decided in the end to buy its air time through local advertising agencies around the country. Ted Bates's billing was for fifteen per cent of the $60,000 production costs of the spots—barely postage money for a firm that rarely accepts business accounts of less than a million dollars a year.

'All Real People'

A few days before the election I waited in Reeves's office for him to finish some business, after which he was going to screen the "Eisenhower Answers America" television spots for me. After questioning a lady field researcher on whether women had a better understanding of "normalizes the hair" as against "naturalizes the hair" in an ad for a new shampoo, he turned to me. "You know," he said, "we advertising people are skilled propagandists in the best sense of the word, and this country is missing something by not making better use of our methods in the Voice of America and other propaganda media. I like to tell how Calvin Coolidge came up behind a farmer who had been listening to a politician for an hour and a half and asked, 'What's he talking about?' and the farmer took the piece of straw out of his mouth and said, 'He don't say.' "



Reeves took me to Bates's board room. The Eisenhower spots had been spliced onto a single reel, which a girl was threading into a projector. "The day we filmed Ike was one of the roughest I've ever had," Reeves said. "Richard de Rochement was our producer and did a magnificent job. I thought we would complete perhaps ten spots, but the General was intent on finishing the lot. He performed so beautifully there were few retakes, and we went through all our usable material in short order. I wrote new copy like mad, Milton Eisenhower checked it for his brother, and nine or ten artists were sprawled all over the studio transferring the copy to large cue cards so the General could read it without his glasses.

"The General wrote one spot himself, the best of them, although he had to rework his copy a bit to make it fit the twenty-second limit. We had already filmed some of the questions using Eisenhower supporters we picked up around town, people with different regional accents. The new questions were filmed afterward, also with volunteers. These are all real people you're going to see, speaking their own words. No actor could convey what those faces show, or those voices either. This is completely authentic."

The lights went out. When they came on again fifteen minutes later, I was saturated.

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Pride and Prejudice: The Fourth Estate

ROBERT LASCH

It is a quasi-religious belief among American newspapermen that the editorial page of a newspaper belongs to the publisher and editor and to whatever causes they cherish, but that the news columns are the preserves of truth and impartiality. That credo received quite a battering in the political campaign recently ended. There have been embarrassment, recriminations, red-faced self-defenses, and demands for an investigation.

One grave charge is that in a good many pro-Eisenhower papers it was for a time virtually impossible to tell the news columns from the editorial pages. Republican apologists contend that this is only one of the natural confusions to be expected when a campaign is fought as a crusade. However, the complaints of much of the working press have concerned multiple bias, blue-pencil mayhem, Machiavellian omissions, and the crafty juggling of space and headlines.

That the press in its editorial views predominantly favored the Republican side was not in itself especially significant or startling. It had been predominantly Republican before, and in previous campaigns—particularly in the Roosevelt ones—Republican editorial opposition had been more of an asset than a handicap to the Democrats. It was in the news columns, apparently, that things were so different this time.

A number of independent journalists spoke their minds about this in the course of the campaign. Roscoe Drummond, correspondent for the pro-Eisenhower *Christian Science Monitor,* wrote in mid-campaign that the Democratic nominee was getting "considerably less than an even break in news columns of daily newspapers across the country," and that the press in its "marked one-sidedness" had committed "a serious offense against its readers." Drummond urged that one of the research foundations set itself the task of surveying the performance of the press in the 1952 campaign.

Eric Sevareid of CBS extended similar criticisms to cover not only the daily press but the great news weeklies and picture magazines. Over CBS Sevareid said: "Nearly all the great weekly publications such as *Time* and *Life* are not only for Eisenhower in their editorials, but some are unabashedly using their news and picture space as well to help his cause, by giving him the predominant play week after week. But they are fairness itself compared to some big midwestern and western dailies where Stevenson is reported as if he were a candidate for county clerk."

So Much To Tell . . .

The Republican defense might be that there were a great many events in the Republican campaign to report, and very little space to report them in. Nixon's saga of the poor-boy Senator fighting for his home and mortgage was such an event. And then there were other providential events which came daily to lighten the burdens of those Eisenhower papers which were uneasy about the General's endorsement of certain Senators. The Democratic Pat McCarran was a providential gift to the Republicans, simply because he was McCarran. Even though Stevenson finally read him out of the party, he apparently helped some of the more sensitive Eisenhower papers to swallow Senator McCarthy.

The tribulations of the anti-McCar-

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thy pro-Eisenhower schizophrenics had most eloquent expression in the Washington *Post,* which for weeks pleaded with the General to denounce the McCarthy "big lie" in politics, and finally wound up by explaining the Ike-McCarthy relationship as a "kind of opportunism" which "goes by the name of politics and is inevitable in a country which is a continent of conflicting interests whose political health is dependent upon the maintenance of a two-party system."

The Truman Affair

In the business of finding a Democratic sin to cancel out each Republican sin, the Eisenhower press was badly in need of a Democratic mudslinger to set up beside McCarthy, and they finally settled on President Truman as their man. The President's whistle-stop tours were depicted as an orgy of mudslinging that revolted the sense of decency. This became especially easy when few or no Truman texts were printed.

No matter how ill-advised the President's remarks were, it was plain that the Eisenhower newspapers could not tolerate in Mr. Truman what they easily tolerated in others, as was best illustrated by the uproar over the President's alleged introduction of religious and racial bias into the campaign. It is not on record that any Eisenhower editor rose to defend the cause of tolerance when Governor Dewey attacked Senator Sparkman, and through him Governor Stevenson, for the old "white-supremacy" label on the Alabama ballot, and accused them thus of running under a "Ku Klux Klan banner." On the contrary, the New York *Herald Tribune* gave the Dewey onslaught top position on page 1.

If the *Herald Tribune* had taken the trouble to check the facts it published so sensationally, it could have informed its readers promptly that the standard ballot in Alabama was the same that had served to record the votes for previous Democratic candidates and "Klansmen" such as Grover Cleveland, Woodrow Wilson, and Franklin D. Roosevelt. (But it is to be remembered that the old *Tribune* and its *Herald Tribune* successor didn't like those candidates either.)

When Sparkman took the attack for what it was—a veiled accusation of anti-Catholic, anti-Negro, and anti-Jewish bias—and replied with some spirit, an interesting fact came out. It developed that the *Herald Tribune* had asked him a few days earlier whether he had been a member of the Klan. But the *Herald Tribune* neglected to mention his vigorous denial in connection with the Dewey speech it featured. The paper defended the omission as "usual newspaper practice," on the ground that "publication of [Sparkman's] denial would have given prominence to a story which had no factual basis."

Those who charged pro-Eisenhower slanting in the news columns did not mean simply distortion in newswriting. They referred more fully to the uses of space, favoritism in featuring news and headlines, artful juxtaposition and omission, and other similar practices. One example was the Boston *Herald,* which gave Governor Byrnes's defection from the Democrats a passionate seven-column headline: BYRNES TO VOTE FOR EISENHOWER: PUTS LOYALTY TO COUNTRY ABOVE PARTY—but which gave Senator Morse's defection from the Republicans a one-column headline. Evidently Morse wasn't doing it for his country—in the *Herald,* anyway.

For many papers, large campaign crowds became highly important to the nation's destiny when they were Eisenhower crowds, but much less so when they were Stevenson's. On Stevenson's second tour of California, for example, the Associated Press correspondent as well as some others reported in dispatches that the Democratic candidate got bigger crowds than Eisenhower in the same towns. It was remarkable how many newspapers using AP dispatches left out that paragraph about the crowds, possibly on the premise that only Republican crowds were news.

PRESIDENT Truman's first whistle-stop tour, September 27 to October 12, was widely underplayed, sometimes even in the towns where he appeared. Many newspapers, of course, gave him full and fair coverage. But that was not always the case. The day after the President passed through Minnesota, the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* gave his North Dakota speeches less emphasis than a G.O.P. handout. When he was in Montana and Washington, the *Montana Standard* at Butte blanketed the story with another under a five-column banner head: EISENHOWER TO MAKE PLATFORM APPEARANCE IN BUTTE SUNDAY. In the Pueblo, Colorado, *Star-Journal,* the day after the President's speech in that town, the big headline was: TRUTH SQUAD TALKS HERE AT 7:30 TONIGHT. In Schenectady, New York, the *Gazette* gave as much space to a Taft speech in Elkhart, Indiana, as it did to the Truman speech in Schenectady.

With so much talk of news bias, the Associated Press released a study it had

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made of press coverage based on a check of one hundred newspapers. The AP's findings were speedily accepted by the publishing trade paper, *Editor and Publisher*, as an adequate answer to the charges of bias. The results, as summarized by *Editor and Publisher*, were as follows: In the period studied, thirty-two per cent of the checked newspapers gave equal treatment to Eisenhower and either Stevenson or Truman. Forty-seven per cent gave the Democrats the dominant coverage. Twenty-one per cent gave fuller treatment to Eisenhower.

But such figures are misleading. The Associated Press chose to make the study during President Truman's whistle-stop campaign. Plainly, the President of the United States could not be totally ignored. This circumstance automatically threw the whole story off balance in favor of the Democrats. The telling fact is that when the papers studied had to choose which of the three men—Stevenson, Eisenhower, or Truman—should receive the top play, fifteen decided in favor of Eisenhower, six for Stevenson, and four for Truman. The fact that there were not two but three main protagonists on the road distorted the AP's report considerably.

The Associated Press released its survey because a group of authors had protested unfairness in the political news. One editor who objected most vigorously to the authors' charges was Paul C. Smith, editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*. He disposed of the authors with dispatch, but someone thereupon took it upon himself to check the *Chronicle* to see whether Mr. Smith or the authors were right.

A Study in Space

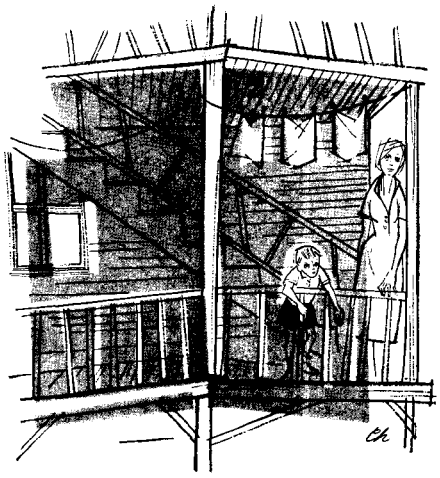
An analysis was undertaken of the news columns of the *Chronicle* during a sample ten-day period, October 17 through October 26. This period was selected largely because the campaign was intense at the time and because no candidate for either the Presidency or Vice-Presidency was visiting in the San Francisco area. (The presence of a candidate would have called for more detailed reporting during the length of his visit.)

After a careful study, the analysts found that the *Chronicle* during the ten-day period devoted approximately 635 column inches to the Republican campaign (excluding the editorial pages) and 535 to the Democrats.

More condemning than the twenty per cent Republican advantage was the space division on the front page. The Republicans were given about two-thirds again as much space as the Democrats—175 column inches to 110 on this by far most important page of the daily paper.

Not included in these figures are pictures and reproductions of speech texts. The *Chronicle* published four photographs of Eisenhower campaigning, and not a single picture of Stevenson (except in the Sunday news-summary section, *This World*). Only one Democratic photograph, a three-inch, one-column cut of Campaign Manager Stephen Mitchell, appeared during that period. The *Chronicle* also published the complete texts of two speeches by Eisenhower and one by Herbert Hoover—and neglected the Democrats completely.

Candidate Sparkman won column space most prominently not when he was campaigning but when he was hospitalized with laryngitis; the *Chronicle* dutifully reported the state of his health. Sparkman sick and Sparkman well were two different candidates in the *Chronicle*. Sparkman well was acknowledged, in four inches, to have made a speech, and, in a single submerged inch, to have planned a speaking tour through California.



Weighed against Sparkman's meager catch were stories covering some forty inches about Candidate Nixon, and a picture of him with Eisenhower. Readers in San Francisco are still emotional over the great *Chronicle* issue of September 25, celebrating the Ike-Nixon reunion after the Nixon national telecast about his finances. In eight-column headlines large enough to herald the opening or closing of a world war, the *Chronicle* proclaimed: 'YOU'RE MY BOY,' IKE TELLS NIXON. It was generally considered the dampest issue in the *Chronicle's* history.

ONE OF THE most interesting aspects of the campaign was the number of people who felt strongly that Stevenson was not sufficiently represented and reported in the press, and who went to the length of buying newspaper space to present Stevenson's case. Their attitude was that since both editorials and news had become Eisenhowered (or G.O.P.'d), the only place left for a little Stevenson news was in the advertisements.

That propaganda in the news had to be counterbalanced by paid advertising was not only a paradox but definitely a new trend in the American press. There were a considerable number of paid advertisements for Stevenson, especially in papers that didn't give the Democratic candidate much play. It was a case where bias paid the publishers handsomely.

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Rabbit Punches on TV: The Governor and the Lady

MARYA MANNES

In the campaign of 1948, Presidential candidate Thomas E. Dewey was tagged by a wit "the little man on the wedding cake." In the campaign of 1952, the little man on the wedding cake found a lady ideally qualified to be his frosted political bride—Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce. For these two Republican figures occupy unique positions as the "lady" and "gentleman" of American politics. They are urbane, sophisticated, and self-controlled. They speak with the cultivation and ease that are usually associated with breeding. Together they embody the concept of class superiority which, rightly or wrongly, has been for a considerable number of years associated with the Republican Party.

Under this highly glazed veneer, Governor Dewey and Mrs. Luce are probably the roughest and toughest fighters on the political scene. This charge can be substantiated by those who have had the courage or foolhardiness to tangle with them in an open forum during the campaign and by anyone who has watched them on TV.

Television is their element. Here Governor Dewey, seen only from the waist up, has stature; his clean, neat, "open" face fills the screen; his eyes pin yours with a compelling show of candor. Here Mrs. Luce's fragile beauty, her look of troubled concern when serious, of feminine radiance when amused, dazzle the eye while deflecting it from her verbal rabbit punches. Their smiles, as recurrent as they are mirthless, their unshatterable coolness, their plausibility, have—at the time—a deadly efficacy.

It is on the TV screen, as one sees them and hears them speak, that a certain coarseness is revealed beneath this external refinement. Nowhere was this quality more evident than in the violent attack made by Governor Dewey on President Truman before the Young Republican Club on October 20, when the little gentleman-Republican outfouled the little haberdasher-Democrat. Commenting on Mr. Truman's statement that if Ike wanted to run for the White House, he didn't know what he was getting into —how many "dead cats, rotten eggs, and tomatoes will be tossed at him"— Dewey said of the President: "He has been going around the country peddling his own private dead cats—killed in the White House, his own private rotten eggs carefully rotted in seven years of White House corruption, and his own tomatoes, grown in Mr. Truman's mind and fertilized with his speeches."

Not even the cultivated accent could obscure the fact that Mr. Dewey's was the more abusive of the two statements. Mr. Truman was speaking his usual plain language: His phrases were not refined, but he has never had pretensions to refinement. The gentlemanly Mr. Dewey's variations on Mr. Truman's theme, including the tomatoes that grow in the President's mind, revealed something worse than lack of refinement.

'There They Are'

Mr. Dewey followed this ripe passage by "quoting" Mr. Truman, that is, by reading aloud eighteen newspaper headlines featuring alleged Truman statements—TRUMAN DECLARES GENERAL BETRAYS MORAL PRINCIPLES, DOUBTS HE COULD BE TRUSTED WITH ATOMIC SECRETS . . . TRUMAN WARNS OF GOP PLOT FOR DEPRESSION. . . .

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HST CALLS IKE TOOL FOR OTHERS, and so forth. "There they are," said Mr. Dewey, "Mr. Truman's rotten eggs, dead cats and tomatoes." This was oversimplification, to put it charitably, as newspaper headlines are at best models of elision, and during the campaign were more often models of distortion. To quote them was to quote distorted fractions of truth.

In a TV panel show on October 21 called "City Hall," Dewey employed one of his favorite weapons: evasion. With the exception of those queries put to him by Republican partisans for the purpose of eliciting partisan statements, Mr. Dewey did not answer a single question. He was asked whether, if Senator Joseph McCarthy's widely awaited speech on Stevenson proved to pass the bounds of fact and propriety in slurring the Democratic candidate, Eisenhower would disavow him. To this Mr. Dewey replied that there were two thousand speeches made over the country every night, and how could anyone think the General had time to listen to all of them? Asked whether, as an American gentleman, he could doubt for a moment that Governor Stevenson was just as anti-Communist as he was himself, and, if this were the case, how he could condone certain attacks made on Stevenson, Mr. Dewey said, "That isn't a question, it's a speech," and changed the subject.

Obviously, the TV-radio, coast-to-coast, $78,000 McCarthy performance was considered by Mr. Dewey to be of no more importance than, say, any speech made in any small town by a Republican orator from the County Speakers' Bureau.

Dainty Distaste

During the campaign, Mrs. Luce was more refined than Mr. Dewey. Her response to Truman "vulgarity" was dainty distaste rather than response in kind. She was pained by Democratic perfidy and ostensibly troubled by Mr. Stevenson's inadequacies as a candidate for high office. Her tactics, however, were on no higher a level than Mr. Dewey's. In a major broadcast on September 30, she "proved" by lavish use of carefully selected films, maps, and papers that "Red deals" had been made at Yalta, the continuing "Redness" of the Administration, Acheson's "ready acceptance of the Communist Party Line" in respect to China, and so forth. This highly educated and knowledgeable lady conveniently ignored the fact that James Byrnes was Secretary of State at the time of the most vital negotiations in China, and took no notice of the statement made by General Walter Bedell Smith, former Chief of Staff to General Eisenhower, now Director of the Central Intelligence Agency, that "If either candidate does as well as President Truman in co-operating with the security agencies the American people can congratulate themselves."

Certainly, General Smith's statement did not bother the lady and gentleman on the wedding cake. They did not change their tune. On the basis of their record during the campaign, both of them can be counted on to continue making their high-class contributions to national politics.

New York Newspapers— 6 to 1 Against Stevenson

M. R. WERNER

DESPITE the popularity of the advertisers' magic lantern—television—and the advertisers' chatterbox—radio—during the 1952 election campaign, the public, especially in New York, still relied to a large extent on newspapers for the raw material on which to base its political judgments.

Unlike many other communities in the United States, New York is not yet a one- or two-newspaper town. Nor are New York newspapers yet so chain-ridden and syndicate-controlled as the papers in many other places. Three of the seven major papers are still independently owned. Except for the *Herald Tribune,* New York's papers are not perpetually committed to any one political party. But since 1940 they have been swayed further and further toward Republicanism.

I have read as many of the words printed about the campaign in New York newspapers as humanly possible with the aim of comparing and appraising the coverage of the New York press from the viewpoint of quantity and quality; headline selection and position in the paper of important stories; impartiality in the use of pictures; and use of editorial opinion in headlines, news dispatches, and by columnists claiming to be intrepreters rather than additional editorial writers. I omitted from this study the *Daily Worker,* the *Wall Street Journal,* and the *Compass,* on the ground that their interests are parochial. Of the other seven major daily newspapers in New York City, only one—the *Post*—was for Stevenson. The other six were for Eisenhower. With the exception of the *Times,* all seven New York papers permitted their editorial policies to color their coverage of campaign news.

Times* vs. *Tribune

The *Times's* coverage of the campaign won many of its readers' plaudits for completeness and impartiality, even when those readers objected to its refusal to reverse what they regarded as a premature espousal of Eisenhower. The *Times* seemed to be bending over backward to make up for other occasions in the past when it had not been so impartial. In the recent campaign

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the *Times* went so far as to offer editorial criticism of its candidate for some of the raffish company he was keeping and for some of his questionable statements.

Readers in a hurry could get from the headlines and lead paragraphs in the *Times* a fairly accurate impression of what the candidates and their advocates said and did, and how they were received. Readers with more time and greater interest could get from the full texts printed in the *Times* almost all that was said. *Times* reporters gave full, well-informed, factual, and interpretative accounts of candidates and issues.

The *Herald Tribune* was skimpy, negligent, and, it seemed to me, often unfair in its treatment of Stevenson. Its partiality to Eisenhower was shown by its use of headlines, pictures, and lead paragraphs, which frequently weighted the news to influence rather than inform the reader.

THE CAMPAIGN got into stride soon after both candidates made speeches before the American Legion convention in New York. This was, naturally, a big local story for the New York press. On the morning after the Eisenhower speech of August 25, the *Herald Tribune* printed a four-column picture on its front page of the General and Mrs. Eisenhower responding to the cheers of the Legionnaires. The *Times* contented itself that morning with a two-column picture of the General delivering his speech, which may be why it had space to print in an adjoining column on the front page a story headed STEVENSON GAINS REUTHER'S TRIBUTE AS AN INDEPENDENT. The *Herald Tribune* put that story on page 6 and headed it REUTHER HITS AT EISENHOWER AS INEXPERIENCED. A reader without much time would have had a difficult time learning from the *Herald Tribune* that an important labor leader had decided to back Stevenson.

The *Herald Tribune's* five-column front-page headline that morning over the Eisenhower Legion speech story read: EISENHOWER GIVES PLAN TO MEET THREAT OF RUSSIAN AGGRESSION. The three-column head in the *Times* was more specific: EISENHOWER URGES HELPING NATIONS ESCAPE RED YOKE; SEES U.S. IN GREATEST PERIL. None of the *Herald Tribune* headlines gave the hurried reader any indication that the General had suggested liberating satellite nations from the Russians, a proposal that startled many Americans and Europeans. The Scripps-Howard *World-Telegram and Sun* and the Hearst *Journal-American* both gave Eisenhower large headlines stressing the "Red peril." The *Post* that day devoted its front page to a huge headline reading INDICT 2 IN DELUXE VICE

RING and got around to the Eisenhower speech only on page 5. Two days later, however, the *Post* devoted its front-page headline to Stevenson's Legion speech, and the other papers gave it adequate coverage.

Empty Heads

Whenever Stevenson criticized Eisenhower as reactionary or as a captive of the Old Guard, the *Times* managed to get those criticisms into its headlines, while the *Herald Tribune* preferred to select more innocuous material from the same speeches, making its headlines both duller and less informative. It also put Stevenson's criticism of his opponent much farther down in most of its Stevenson stories than the *Times* did.

For instance, on Sunday, August 31, both papers printed Eisenhower's and Stevenson's messages to men in the armed forces overseas. A front-page reader glancing at the headlines that morning would have found in the *Times:* STEVENSON WARNS OF DANGER IN SHIFT TO G.O.P. 'REACTION,' and in the *Herald Tribune:* EISENHOWER AND STEVENSON TELL VIEWS TO SERVICE MEN OVERSEAS. With a few exceptions "Eisenhower" was the first word to hit a reader's eye in the largest political headline every morning in the *Herald Tribune,* whereas the *Times* stressed Stevenson whenever the occasion warranted it. The *Herald Tribune* put a picture of Eisenhower on its front page whenever there was the slightest excuse, and sometimes when, it seemed to me, there wasn't any. In reprints of cartoons from the out-of-town newspapers in the Sunday edition the *Herald Tribune* printed anti-Stevenson, anti-Truman, and anti-Democratic cartoons almost exclusively, with an occasional neutral one. The *Times* was more scrupulous in dividing the reprints pro and con, and reprinted more neutral cartoons.

THE *Times* opened its letters-to-the-editor columns freely to dissent from its editorial support of Eisenhower and for criticism of Eisenhower and Nixon. The *Herald Tribune* printed far fewer letters critical of Eisenhower and Nixon, but that may have been because readers did not register so many dissents with a newspaper that never in its history has been independent of the Republican Party. The *Times,* since it is not wed to the Republican Party, but has merely been carrying on intermittent affairs with it, was able to be more critical of its own candidate than the *Herald Tribune.*

When the Nixon fund story first broke, the *Herald Tribune* was editorially alarmed, if not shocked, and suggested that Nixon offer to withdraw from the campaign. A few days later, after the injection of Nixon's wife and spaniel into the situation, the *Herald Tribune* sighed with relief in a double-leaded editorial titled THE AIR IS CLEARED. The *Times* never put itself into the position of defending Nixon.

The *News* and the *Mirror*

The other two New York morning newspapers, the *Daily News,* with the largest circulation in the city, and the *Daily Mirror,* with the next largest, covered the campaign in tabloid fashion. *The News* was far more complete and impartial in allotting space to the two candidates, gave more headlines, pictures, and stories to Stevenson, and used less biased headlines than its competitor, the Hearst *Mirror.*

The worst dud the *News* fired during the campaign was published in only

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the first edition of Monday, October 13. It reported that President Truman had had a special fund of $67,000 during his 1944 campaign for Vice-President. Ruth Montgomery, who hangs out Washington linen when John O'Donnell, the conductor of the "Capitol Stuff" column, has a day off, mentioned "unimpeachable sources" for the story. But almost as soon as a *News* man phoned the story to Tom Evans of Kansas City, who was alleged to have raised the "Truman fund," Evans got in touch with his lawyer. When the lawyer threatened a libel suit, the *News* stopped its presses, killed the story in the rest of that first edition, and omitted it from later editions. Three days later it printed Mr. Evans's denial that any such fund had existed.

THE *Daily Mirror* played down Stevenson's own activities and speeches and played up all attacks on him, especially if it could be made to appear that he was the friend of Communists. For example, on Sunday, October 26, the *Mirror's* largest headline on page 1 read: IKE SAYS ADLAI APPEASES REDS. The *News* didn't think that worth a headline and put the information in its Eisenhower story on page 3 without benefit of sensation.

The Sundown Banshees

New York's evening newspapers always seem to feel that they have to howl like banshees to get nickels from tired office workers and subway riders at the end of the day.

The New York *Post* began to run editorials in the guise of news dispatches the day after Eisenhower was nominated. The dispatches on Stevenson, the *Post's* own candidate, were more numerous, better displayed, and carried larger headlines than those on his opponent. They were also more informative than its Eisenhower dispatches. In fact, the *Post's* Eisenhower stories rarely informed the reader of much except that the writers were against him.

Murray Kempton, *Post* columnist who occasionally writes with a hatchet, was on the Eisenhower train for quite a while. A typical first sentence of a Kempton Eisenhower story was this one from Kansas City: "Dwight Eisenhower, billed as a man-eating tiger, has come out of his corner with a crabwise sidestep, having spurned Tom Dewey's sneakers for gumboots and his 16-ounce gloves for sofa pillows." Rarely did a reader get any idea of what Eisenhower said in a speech Kempton reported, because the latter was so busy giving his opinion of how dreadful it all was.

IN THE *Post's* great coup of the campaign, however—its story on the Nixon fund, which it was the first newspaper to publish—it conducted itself in the best tradition of crusading journalism. It stuck to the facts and confined its editorials to the editorial page.

The *Post* pointed out in its editorial of September 22, "The Facts of Life for Newspaper Readers," how it had got the story in collaboration with Richard Donovan of *The Reporter* and Ernest Brashear of the Los Angeles *News*. It pointed out, too, how the AP had attempted to ignore the story until Stephen Mitchell, Democratic chairman, demanded Nixon's withdrawal as a candidate, and how the UP story, which was sent out quickly, was used by enterprising radio newscasters but ignored or buried by most of the UP's clients, including the New York *World-Telegram and Sun* and the *Journal-American*.

The Hearst *Daily Mirror* omitted the story from its issue of Friday, September 19. The *Daily News* buried it in early editions and then printed a story leading with Nixon's defense. The Hearst *Journal-American* continued to underplay the Nixon story, and the *World-Telegram and Sun* played the Nixon defense angle regularly. But both the *Journal-American* and the *World-Telegram and Sun* broke out in a rash of huge eight-column headlines the moment the Stevenson fund was revealed, and kept pounding on that one during the following week. The *Post*, on the other hand, underplayed

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Extr-e-e, Extr-e-e, All About Th' Two-Party System"

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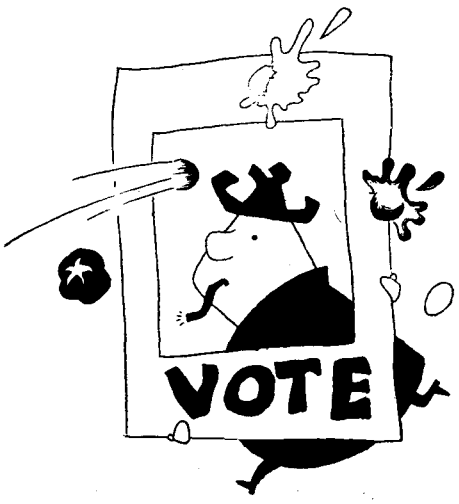


the Stevenson fund, and its stories and headlines were probably just as much angled for defense of Stevenson as its Nixon headlines and stories had been angled for attack.

New Use for Blood

On October 9 the front page of the *World-Telegram and Sun* contained this four-column, three-bank headline: 3 SENATORS PUT BITE ON BUSINESS CHIEFS FOR STEVENSON FUND. The story, angled as sharply as its writer, Charles Wyer, could manage, added up to perfectly legitimate fund raising for Volunteers for Stevenson by Senators Kefauver, Fulbright, and Douglas. The story stated, among other innuendoes: "The wording of the telegrams and the use of the names of three Senators are interpreted in some quarters as an attempt to blackjack business into supporting the Stevenson campaign. It has been pointed out that the injection of three powerful Democratic Senators into the fund-raising campaign implies there might be serious consequences later on for those companies which refuse to come across for Gov. Stevenson." The text of the telegrams was a simple appeal for money for Stevenson television-radio time, such as was sent as a matter of routine to many individuals in business and out.

Editorials in disguise were run on the *Telegram's* front page on October 15 and 16 under these heavy headlines: DIPLOMATS TALK, TALK, TALK AS GIS STORM HILL—AND DIE, and BLOOD IN KOREA . . . POLITICS IN U.N. In the issue of October 17 a box headed LEST WE FORGET and giving the current Korean casualties in large figures appeared on pages 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 10, 11, 14, and 21, and on the first page of the second section. The box was repeated, but not on so many pages, on subsequent days during the campaign. On October 22 the biggest headline across the front page of the *World-Telegram and Sun* looked to the uninitiated for a moment as if that paper were playing the numbers game or announcing the Irish Sweepstakes drawings. It consisted of the following arithmetic: 121,154 + 963 = 122,117.

THE Hearst evening paper in New York, the *Journal-American*, carried on the work of the Hearst morning paper, the *Mirror*. The *Journal-American's* way of reporting Mr. Truman's visit to New York for its readers-in-a-hurry was an eight-column headline in big red letters over its front-page story: FIGHTS GREET TRUMAN HERE. The *Journal-American* reports from both campaign trains, however, printed in parallel columns each day, gave fair coverage to both candidates and were interesting interpretive articles.

Under Their Noses

A test of the bias of New York newspapers and their opportunity for impartiality came when Stevenson arrived in New York toward the end of his campaign. That was a big local story. On Tuesday morning, October 28, the *Daily News's* largest headline on its front page read: 65,000 GREET ADLAI IN HARLEM, and a smaller headline underneath read: 'STEVENSON RED PAL': MCCARTHY. There was a half-page picture of Stevenson talking to a huge crowd in Harlem. The front page of the *Daily Mirror* that same day had this for its largest headline: WIDEN HUNT FOR FOREST KILLERS and, underneath, the only other headline on that page read: MCCARTHY LINKS ADLAI TO REDS. The *Mirror* ran a half-page picture of Eisenhower dodging confetti in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

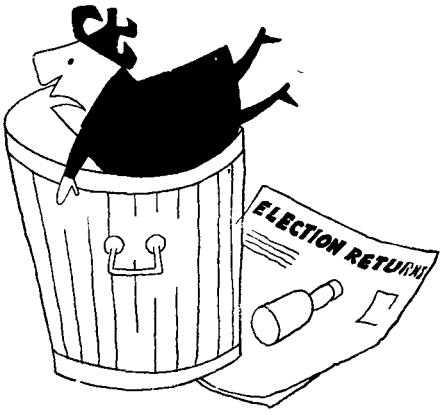
The largest headlines on the front page of the New York *Times* that morning read: STEVENSON WILDLY CHEERED IN HARLEM; TRUMAN SCORES EISENHOWER ON KOREA; GENERAL PLEDGES WIDER SOCIAL GAINS. The *Times* also ran a picture of Stevenson in Harlem. The largest headlines in the New York *Herald Tribune* that morning read: EISENHOWER CHARGES RIVAL INVITES WAR; STEVENSON READS MCCARRAN OUT OF PARTY; MCCARTHY SAYS REDS BACK DEMOCRAT.

The *Herald Tribune* ran two pictures of equal size. One was of Eisenhower chatting with Governor John S. Fine of Pennsylvania, and the other was a picture of Stevenson receiving an "Old Ironsides" plaque in Quincy, Massachusetts. There was nothing anywhere in the *Herald Tribune* about cheers for Stevenson in Harlem.

The first sentence of the lead story in the *Times* that day read: "Gov. Adlai E. Stevenson, Democratic nominee for President, received one of the most tumultuous receptions of his campaign late last night when he arrived in Harlem for an address in which he told cheering thousands that he would work for a world 'where men can live as brothers under the laws of God.'"

The first sentence of a story beneath two pictures, under an inconspicuous headline in the *Herald Tribune* that morning, read: "Gov. Adlai E. Stevenson arrived in New York at 10:20 last night, nine hours before the scheduled arrival of Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower and for the same purpose—intensive lastweek campaigning in the metropolitan area." There was no picture anywhere in the *Herald Tribune* that morning showing Stevenson addressing a huge crowd in Harlem. The evening-paper story that day was the Stevenson tour of Manhattan and his greeting by enormous crowds. But the *World-Telegram and Sun* and the *Journal-American* found Eisenhower's trip to Long Island of equal importance and gave it equal headline and picture display.

THERE WERE TIMES during the campaign when I had the uneasy feeling that New York, like so many other places in the United States, had become a one-newspaper town.



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Hong Kong: 'Walking the Tightrope'

PRESTON SCHOYER

THIS TINY British colony on the south China coast has received considerable notoriety because of the fact that it is linked to China economically and to the West politically. For Hong Kong the situation has been both embarrassing and precarious. Here is a midget outpost of empire, less than four hundred square miles, at once an indirect party to the fighting against China in Korea and a trader dependent on China for its very existence.

"We are rather walking on a tightrope here," the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, has remarked. Tightrope walking is a game at which Hong Kong has had long experience, but the perils that threaten the colony—Communism, the cold war, and Korea—are beyond Hong Kong's control. The colony can only try to keep in check the internal difficulties raised by world conditions until world conditions either change for the better or put Hong Kong out of business for good. These internal difficulties are a declining trade and a population swollen far beyond the ability of Hong Kong's economy to support it.

The combination of the two could bring on Communist control no matter what happens elsewhere.

BY TRADITION, the colony has been a safety valve for political disturbances in China. Refugees flock here whenever China gets chaotic, and return when the chaos dies. During the recent civil war, the population grew from a million to almost two and a half million. In 1950, the "honeymoon" year of Communist control, several hundred thousand returned to China. Since then the pressure has been the other way. I have been told that the population is now close to the 1950 high-water mark, roughly two and one half times what the area can support. That means one and a half million refugees, or as officials of the colony prefer to put it, displaced persons, for most the the Chinese have no intention of going back.

Immigration has been stabilized; the police let in no more Chinese than go out, allowing a ten per cent margin for those who are smuggled in. But it is a tenuous control at best. Illegal entry from China has become an organized business, an underground Cook's tour with food, hotel reservations, railway tickets to Canton or the border all paid for in advance; the present smuggling rate from the nearby Portuguese colony of Macao is said to be equivalent to thirty U.S. dollars. The trip directly over the border from China costs fifty U.S. dollars.

Then there is the natural increase in population: There were sixty-eight thousand births last year, twenty thousand deaths. Few of the immigrants have been useful to the colony. Most of them are enduring a marginal or near-marginal existence; some three hundred thousand are squatters, living in dark alleyways or in miserable huts made of matting, hammered-out oil cans, and packing cases. Possibilities of widespread starvation pose a new dilemma: The more relief that Hong Kong gives, the harder it will be to hold the line against immigration pressure from China.

THE business decline, first felt seriously in the fall of 1951, is the colony's most basic problem, for Hong Kong is not so much a geographical entity as it is a business enterprise. Of course, economic crises are nothing new for Hong Kong. Ever since the cession of Hong Kong Island to the British in 1841, commercial interests have shown a remarkable tenacity through all manner of viscissitudes. In the early days officials in London had doubts about the colony. Travelers spoke of Hong Kong as "that miserable rock." Mias-

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mas and fevers brooded in its hot dampness, killing off the early settlers and troops like flies. "Go to Hong Kong!" was about equivalent to the modern "Drop dead!" Epidemics, wars, boycotts, pirates, bitter competition from Macao and Canton, disastrous typhoons, and trade slumps all figure so prominently in Hong Kong's history that one wonders why the colony was not abandoned long ago. But the British not only stayed, they prospered.

The successes of the past depended upon conditions that no longer exist. These were a free-trade policy, the absence of heavy tax burdens, security under British law, and free access to China. During its 111-year colonial history, Hong Kong has been an oasis of stability on the edge of a China torn by an endless series of wars and political upheavals. Not only British but Chinese merchants found it invaluable as an entrepôt for goods going into or leaving China.

Hong Kong has few resources of its own, aside from the fish which abound in its waters, but the same advantages that favored trade, plus an endless supply of cheap labor, have led to considerable industrial development. It has had a postwar boom as a result of the Communist victory in China. That victory caused the removal to Hong Kong of many Shanghai industries, notably textile mills, of which there are now thirteen here employing fifty thousand people. The colony's manufactures, including such diverse items as flashlights, steamships (up to ten thousand tons), rubber shoes, and preserved ginger, find their way to all parts of the world.

After the turn of the century a change came into Hong Kong's economic life. By the 1930's Hong Kong's China trade had dropped to only forty per cent of its total. The drop has become even more marked since the Second World War, as recent trade figures for China show:

1946—37.2 per cent
1947—23.0 per cent
1948—19.2 per cent
1949—23.4 per cent
1950—30.9 per cent
1951—26.5 per cent
1952—16.2 per cent (1st 6 months)

Only in 1946, it will be noted, was there even an approach to the trade of halcyon prewar days and what is now considered a magic norm, a forty per cent China trade. Through all these postwar years, Hong Kong made money, but only because of abnormal conditions—weak competition, the decline of Shanghai, and the possibility

of unusually large profits. In 1950, with peace on the mainland at last, Hong Kong seemed destined for a sounder era of prosperity based on the China trade. In that banner year, trade totaled 7.5 billion Hong Kong dollars ($1.2 billion U.S.), and cargo turnover was 6.3 million tons—a postwar record that came close to prewar volume.

The Jack-pot Blockade

In that same year the Korean War began. By the late spring of 1951 all kinds of restrictions had been placed on the China trade, most of them based on the U.N. resolution against shipment of strategic war materials to China. The Chinese in turn restricted the goods they considered nonessential. In December, 1950, we placed an almost total embargo on trade with China. The U.S. government, if it can get them, will still buy such strategic items as hog bristles, tungsten, wood oil; the only exports permitted are sheet music, movies, magazines, newspapers, and Bibles, all of which the Communists ban. The last shipment of Bibles, I hear, went to Shanghai in May, 1951. At the same time Hong Kong was included in our ban as an integral unit of the Communist economic bloc.

Of all explanations for Hong Kong's present troubles, the American embargo has probably drawn the most attention, much more than it deserves. Indeed, it is generally admitted here that today at least it has little influence, except as regards some exports to the United States. The notoriety it has received is due to the considerable foolishness we have displayed in its design and administration, doing unnecessary damage to ourselves and to our friends. It seems to have been backed by little investigation other than a glance at the map, for even in 1950 a great deal of the colony's trade had nothing whatever to do with China. It was the more harmful because we had become the colony's biggest supplier of foreign goods and because the industrial boom here was geared to American raw materials and equipment.

In time there was set up a system of guarantees that products would not end up in Communist hands—such controls being subject to approval by Washington. This system did not wholly correct matters, for too often Washington behaved with what can best be described as whimsey. The reasoning behind what was approved or disapproved was often baffling. "It's like a slot machine," a Chinese importer told me. "You put in an order—maybe you hit the jack pot, maybe you don't." An Englishman was denied an envelope of lettuce seed for his garden because he hadn't provided guarantees that it wouldn't go to the Communists. An American who was allowed to import a drug product said to be effective in the treatment of radiation burns was refused a license to import a hormone product advertised as a beautifier of the female figure. He suggested that perhaps the government was afraid that Communist Mata Haris would make insidious use of the product while preparing to extract secrets from susceptible Americans.

Today, I understand, the colony cannot claim discrimination in respect to its "legitimate" needs, but there is discrimination in another sense. We allow certain American goods to funnel through Japan to China; textiles made of American cotton are an example. Why, then, do we penalize Hong Kong? When I asked a much-badgered American official this question, he could only say, "The idea is to plug the main leaks into Communist China. Hong Kong is one—so we are plugging it." This evasion seems to be the only official answer.

There is a real explanation, of course. It explains why our embargo is total, a fact that puzzles the British, since, as they point out, many of our nonstrategic products, such as fountain pens, have such a charm for the Chinese that they would find their way into China whether the Communists banned them or not, and siphon off

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their foreign exchange to our advantage. Another American official, speaking unofficially, put the answer this way: "People at home get excited about Hong Kong," he said. "They think it's a part of China. No matter what we allowed to go to the Reds, the anti-Truman press would set up a howl. 'Look at what the government is doing! It's permitted fifty thousand dollars' worth of goods to go to the Reds through Hong Kong!' No mention of what the goods were, of course—just a slam at the Administration."

This fear on the part of U.S. officials shows up in the recent tightening of our regulations governing the export of local Hong Kong products to the United States. These regulations freeze out anything of a type or material that might conceivably come from China. It is perfectly true that there is a leakage of Red goods through Hong Kong. For example, some months ago Communist agents were shipping salted duck eggs to the United States via Hong Kong under Formosan labels. New controls to satisfy the U.S. government are being worked out, it is reported; in the meantime, however, it is almost certain that the loss to the honest merchants here will be greater than that to their less ethical colleagues.

IN ASSESSING the effect of our embargo, it can clearly be said that it has hurt the Reds in the exclusion of luxury items such as furs because the United States was the only country rich enough to buy them in any quantity. But the effect of the embargo on exports to China is not clear. Certainly our total ban is a pure waste of time, for every other exporting nation is exporting to China not only its own goods but American ones. Many items that we call strategic are also free to go to China. We and the British, for instance, consider antibiotics such as penicillin strategic. The French don't, and so the Reds import antibiotics from France. China, then, has difficulty in getting only those materials which all the United Nations prohibit. Here, undoubtedly, we have done the Communists damage, but the extent to which other Iron Curtain countries have been able to help out and the extent to which the U.N. controls are circumvented is not known.

A policeman who has a lonely island outpost on Hong Kong's western fringes told me that he had seen an average of six large cargo ships a month scudding up the Pearl River to Canton. Though Iron Curtain ships, usually Polish, predominate, they are by no means the only ones. And Canton is only one of many Chinese ports on which foreign ships call.

Smuggling is another means of getting goods through Hong Kong to China, but it appears to have little importance today. "Not because the police have stamped it out," an ex-policeman told me. "It's just not worth the price. Other ways are too easy."

The fact that even smuggling is poor business sums up the effect of the present restrictions on Hong Kong's trade. The colony is being by-passed. "We intend to enforce the law," a prominent Britisher has told me, "even if it kills us, and that's just it—it's killing us." But even if the Korean War and embargoes should end tomorrow, Hong Kong's troubles would not be over. A world trade decline, British economic difficulties, and a resurgent Japan are discouraging factors.

Even more disturbing are events in China. The old China that enabled Hong Kong to survive all manner of perils no longer exists; the new China is far tougher and more innately hostile to what Hong Kong represents than was the old. The all-time low of a 16.2 per cent China trade this year resulted from a drastic campaign in China against private enterprise. Though there has been a recovery since June, it is only partial. Further, the Peking government, which clearly aims at the eventual absorption of private business, has publicly announced a policy of trading directly with foreign countries and has succeeded in taking steps in this direction even with Britain. It appears, then, that the final choking of Hong Kong's China trade, if successful, will be achieved not by embargoes but by the Chinese themselves.

The Beaver Hunt

Hong Kong must also cope with an obviously explosive political situation. Here, however, it has had more success. In observing the attitude of local officialdom toward the Communists, it seems to me that Lewis Carroll had it down pat in his poem "The Hunting of the Snark." In that tale a Beaver and a Butcher who specialized in killing Beavers were each a party to the hunt, much to the Beaver's dismay. As Carroll had it:

"Whenever the Butcher was by,
The Beaver kept looking the opposite way,
And appeared unaccountably shy."

In this colony the Butcher is always by, and hence the attitude of "looking the opposite way" is a fairly constant one. Even the British newspapers are

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in the habit of treating the Communists with a shy and airy remoteness. A London gibe at Hong Kong last winter was that it had its head in the sand, as if it were unaware of the Communists, the cold war, the ominous look of the future. This was misleading. The British know exactly what is going on and act with vigor and dispatch whenever the need arises.

There are four political groups here upon whom the colonial government, like a somewhat nervous teacher in

a roomful of unruly children, keeps a watchful eye: the Chinese Communists, the Chinese Nationalists, the so-called "Third Force" Chinese, and Americans. The chief problem children are, of course, the Communists. The Nationalists are cautious about overt political activity, possibly being more concerned with the "Third Force" groups than with the Reds; they have secret agents here, but most of their energy seems to go into anti-Communist or pro-Formosa propaganda. The Americans devote themselves to a similar propaganda activity on a smaller scale, as do the "Third Force" groups. All four are under a varying degree of pressure to behave themselves.

Chinese 'Third Force'?

A necessary observation on the "Third Force" Chinese is that they are not a force; they are small, earnest, dedicated political groups without military or indeed political power. If they have significance, it lies in the future, and then only if the future provides a climate in which they can prosper. Mainland guerrillas under their command are largely fictitious. Indeed, all such forces have at all times been overrated, most of them probably being small independent units of dubious loyalty, often of outlaw origin, earning the name of guerrilla only when the government they oppose is an enemy, as in the case of the Japanese and now the Reds. There are supposed to be troops in China loyal to such "Third Force" generals as Chang Fa-kwei and Li Tsung-jen, but the Communists appear to have rendered them largely impotent, not so much by direct attack as by cutting off their food supplies. The same is said to be true of Nationalist guerrillas.

It might be expected, in spite of the efficient police control here, that a sort of gang warfare would develop among the hostile forces, but it has been negligible. I am told that hoodlums set fire to the plastic doorbell of a prominent "Third Force" leader and that a Nationalist agent who was busy writing lurid stories about Communist espionage was shot to death last spring. There is also some rowdiness from time to time in the Communist-Nationalist struggle for control of labor. But on the whole the Chinese leave each other alone.

Such fuss as there is comes in periodic clashes between the British and the Communists. Except in the case of a Communist-inspired riot last March, there has been little disorder. The "clashes," as a rule, follow the deportation of Communist workers and organizers who are considered to have threatened the security of the colony. The Communist press here and in China always raises a scream of protest; the propaganda against the British and "their imperial masters, the Americans," runs fiercely for several weeks, than fades out.

This behavior, in spite of the March riot, which it is now believed got out of control, indicates that it is not the Communists' policy here to promote civil disturbance. They seem content, at least for the present, to stick to peaceful infiltration and missionary work. Both, however, appear to have been going in reverse since 1950. A good barometer has been the evidence of Communist flags hanging from the homes of the poorer people on festival days. New Year's of 1951 saw a lot of Communist flags; New Year's of 1952 saw very few. Communist influence in the labor unions is also clearly on the decline. This shift in sympathy, brought on more by the Communists' actions in China than here, has not wholly destroyed their local following, though it's generally agreed that it's a very small part of the population. As to active party members, the guesses range from two thousand to ten thousand.

It does not follow, of course, that the rest of the Chinese are anti-Communist or pro-Nationalist. It would be even less true to say they were politically pro-British. Many are entirely apolitical. After all, few Chinese, even if they have always lived here, view Hong Kong as anything but a British-managed commercial arrangement with advantages to both peoples. They can like the British personally and should certainly thank them for their security, but they can hardly feel any patriotic devotion as subjects of a foreign imperialism, which though enlightened is still exploitative in tendency and discriminatory in many ways.

On the other hand, few among the Chinese who rail at the inevitable snobberies and special privileges would trade the colonial system for popular government, because it is quite clear that if control fell into Chinese hands, those hands would be Communist. Chinese who have come here since 1950 keep remarking on how free they feel in comparison with how they felt in their own "liberated" land. This is an anomaly that is not always understood abroad—that Hong Kong, a symbol of imperialism, is also a symbol of freedom, and the former is essential to the preservation of the latter.

Politically as well as economically, Hong Kong hopes for brighter days when the Korean War ends. It is conceivable, however, that this hoped-for

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event might work the other way. China might then seek new adventures, including a grab at Hong Kong. Should that happen, few observers give the colony much of a chance. One Englishman told me, "You can take the place by telephone." He feels that a signal from Canton would put to work such a paralyzing plan of sabotage and terrorism that the invader could simply walk in with scarcely a shot fired. This is an extreme view. Some think that the police would have the saboteurs in jail before they could strike and that the defense force, said to be twenty thousand men, could resist long enough for help to arrive, presumably American as well as British.

MANY observers think that such speculation is academic, on the ground that even if the Chinese plan to take Hong Kong by assault the time is not now, not even on the horizon. The reasons given are these: An attack would invite a third World War; Hong Kong would be of dubious economic value to the Chinese, the advantages which made it prosper disappearing with its capture; the Communists still have uses for a Hong Kong in British hands (as of course does the West), primarily as an export market where they can collect foreign exchange; it would be foolish to take the colony while it is still expanding its facilities; and in any case, it is too small and vulnerable to worry about while more important problems are on the agenda.

Considering the Communists' announced policy of seeking direct trade channels, one might theorize that their plan for Hong Kong is to starve it slowly in the belief that it will collapse and come to them by default. Here the Reds find themselves with a strange bedfellow, the United States; we also would like to see trade with China via Hong Kong stopped. We do not seek the colony's collapse, but we would like to see a situation here that would almost certainly bring it about. A reasonable American observer commenting on this contradiction feels that we have allowed the word "appeasement" to blind us to the virtues of compromise. He suggests that inasmuch as Hong Kong's cold cash value is considerably greater to the West than to China and because there are two million Chinese here who do not want to be "liberated" by their Communist countrymen, it would be to our advantage if our policy were such as to encourage rather than to imperil Hong Kong's survival.

End of the Line?

No matter what we do, however, or what the outcome in Korea, or what Hong Kong does to help itself, the future remains cloudy. There are hopes here that Hong Kong will show its old tenacity and weather the present storm. There is also a belief here that China, whatever its plans, cannot soon afford to dispense with Hong Kong's professional services. There is more to trade, the colony likes to point out, than just an exchange of goods. But few prophets see an indefinite stretch of years ahead. Dr. Panikkar, the former Indian Ambassador to Peking, thinks Hong Kong is safe till the tension in the Far East dies. This will take ten years, he told a friend here, implying his belief in a Communist victory; then the British would have to clear out.

A Chinese friend tells me ominously that a month with two full moons means war: the latest was May, 1950; the next is December, 1952. He thinks Hong Kong is safe only until then.

A lawyer takes a legalistic view; he sees no threat to the colony until 1997, the year the lease on most of its territory expires.

To the westerners here and a few Asians there is always a way out no matter what happens. But to most of the Chinese residents this is the end of the line; either they can't afford to go further or immigration laws won't let them. "Should the Communists come," a Chinese tells me, "I shall have to play their game to survive. I shall exist, but I shall be dead."

So will Hong Kong be dead. All things considered, that will be a misfortune, not just for Britain and the people who live here, but for the rest of us as well.

Helping Tito Help the West

ERNEST HALPERIN

BELGRADE

SINCE the Yugoslav government does not shrink from imposing austerity on its people, there is little danger that American aid funds are squandered on the purchase of luxury goods here. Nor does the government tolerate anti-American propaganda. There are no libelous scrawls on house fronts and no strikes in the ports when shipments of American arms arrive. There is probably not a country in the world where it is more dangerous to be a partisan of the Soviet Union.

This does not mean that American policy encounters no obstacles in Yugoslavia. The heretical Communist leaders of Yugoslavia are certainly not more pro-American than those of other countries receiving American aid.

Yugoslav Communists, from Prime Minister Tito down to the most subordinate officer of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, are always scrupulously polite in their dealing with members of the American mission, but Americans find it impossible to entertain other than very formal relations with them. Personal friendships are out of the question. No American can know what

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a Yugoslav acquaintance really thinks of him. Yugoslav Communists accept invitations to diplomatic cocktail and dinner parties, but one cannot get rid of the uneasy feeling that they meet afterward to compare notes on their hosts and fellow guests.

Friends—with Reservations

There is a barrier of distrust between the representatives of the two governments that cannot be overcome by formal demonstrations of good will. The present rulers of Yugoslavia are certainly impressed by America's material wealth and the living standard of its workers. They are thankful for the protection against Soviet aggression afforded by the mere existence of this mighty force. But the United States is still a capitalist state, and they have not stopped believing that capitalism is on its way out.

On the other hand, they have convinced themselves by now that the Soviet Union is not socialist at all but a state-capitalist imperialism, similar in its brutality to Nazi Germany. The Yugoslavs are not threatened by the United States, and accordingly they consider us the lesser evil. But they are still hoping that some day the international situation will change and the emergence of some new force will relieve them from the necessity of choosing between two evils.

Under the imminent threat of Soviet aggression, any government other than a Communist one would probably have done its utmost to secure protection by associating as closely as possible with the western powers. Marshal Tito tried to avoid this as long as possible. Every one of his steps toward the West since his break with the Soviet Union in 1948 has been taken reluctantly, and with considerable delay.

As late as the summer of 1950, the Yugoslavs maintained that the Marshall Plan was an instrument of economic exploitation and subjugation. Their attitude finally changed later that year when a drought forced their government to face the bitter fact that its financial reserves were completely exhausted and that it would have to ask for American aid to prevent famine. In November, Marshal Tito grudgingly admitted to an American journalist that the effects of the Marshall Plan did not seem to be as catastrophic as some people had believed and that it had certainly contributed to the improvement of the economic situation in France and Italy. Since then the Yugoslavs have become thoroughly accustomed to the idea of American aid, and in January, 1952, their government signed a bilateral economic agreement under the terms of the Mutual Security Act.

American aid also has the effect of making Yugoslav propagandists more guarded in their statements about the North Atlantic Treaty, which they had previously described as an instrument of imperialist aggression. They have toned down their specific criticisms considerably, but they have developed an irritating habit of lecturing on the evils of pacts, alliances, and blocs in general. Not once have they publicly admitted the obvious fact that the mere existence of the Atlantic pact has done much to discourage the Kremlin from carrying out its threats against their own country. Only now that the American military-aid program is well under way does Marshal Tito's attitude seem to be changing slightly.

THE PURPOSE of American aid is to assure the economic stability of Yugoslavia and its ability to resist Soviet aggression. The Yugoslav leaders have no quarrel with these objectives, but their opinion on how to attain them is very different from that of the Americans. For years the Yugoslav Communists have clung to the conception that a country that exports its raw materials is exploited by the industrialized countries, and must necessarily remain poor and backward. It has therefore been their endeavor to build up their machine-tool and metal-processing industries with the utmost speed and at any cost, even though this has meant great hardships for the people.

There is an obvious flaw in this concept of industrialization: It would take many years of methodical development to train the cadres of skilled workers for the operation of the new industries. If these new metal-processing industries are built up without a sufficient supply of skilled labor, their products will be both poor and expensive. It will cost more to produce these goods at home than to buy them abroad, and the country's living standard will be lowered instead of raised. Western economic experts have tried

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again and again to convince the Yugoslavs that for them the only feasible method of industrialization is to begin with the establishment of consumer-goods industries, which do not demand a large cadre of skilled workers, then to develop the country's considerable resources in agriculture and minerals.

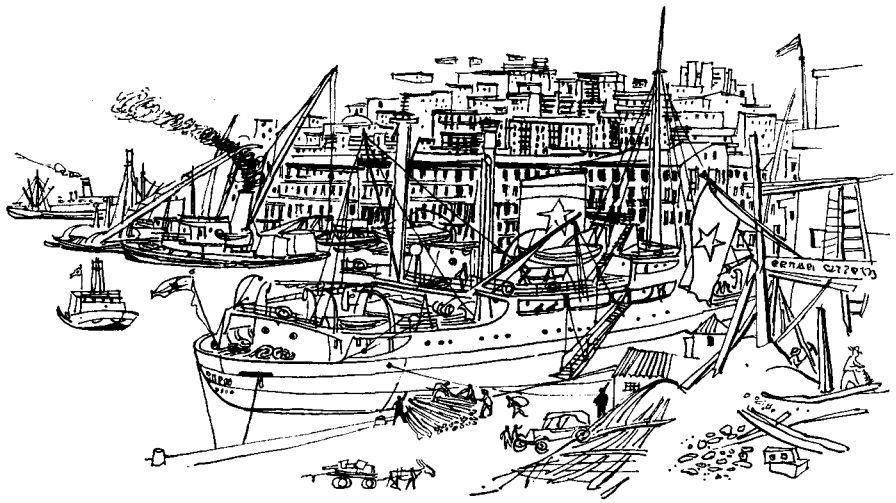
It was only last summer, when the Yugoslav Communists could no longer avoid seeing that they would not find the money to finance their industrialization program, that they decided to revise their economic dogma. In next year's budget they have drastically cut the allotments for industrial investment and considerably increased those for agriculture, communications, housing, and hospitals. At the same time, the Yugoslav press has begun to proclaim that the conception of industrialization at any price is "out of date and wrong," and that "the building of socialism is interconnected with the harmonious development of the total economy and the increase of productivity of labor in all its sectors."

It is characteristic of the Yugoslav Communist leaders that they stubbornly cling to their dogma in the face of common-sense advice, but easily discard it or change it into its opposite when faced by hard facts. As true Communists, they find it impossible to believe in the good faith of a non-Communist, and regard all advice from such sources suspiciously.

The new economic policy announced by the Yugoslav government will certainly be beneficial to the country. It is only regrettable that the government stuck to a conception that is now admitted to be "out of date and wrong" till the last moment, and changed it only when it had no alternative. Much time has been lost in this way, and much unnecessary suffering inflicted on the Yugoslav people.

Military Matters

The waste of time has been quite as harmful in the field of military policy. When Yugoslavia broke away from the Soviet bloc in 1948, the Yugoslav Army, with an estimated strength of twenty to thirty divisions, was the strongest in the Balkans. Experts were confident that it would be able to handle a combined attack by all its satellite neighbors. But even then its equipment was obsolete and its stocks were very low. Yugoslav industry is capable of supplying the army with small arms, but it could not provide a sufficient quantity of artillery and tanks, and cannot do so now.



Soon after the break, the Soviet Union began to speed up rearmament of its satellites. Yet as late as April, 1950, Marshal Tito told a group of correspondents that he did not wish to import arms. There was no great danger of war, he said with a confident smile, and Yugoslavia would therefore have plenty of time to build its own armament industry.

Two months later, the Korean War broke out. Even then, it took the Yugoslav leaders half a year to overcome their aversion against asking the western powers for arms. The Yugoslav application was at last presented in January, 1951, but it was only on November 14 that Marshal Tito and Ambassador George Allen signed an agreement on military assistance.

One of the reasons for this delay was that the Yugoslavs did not want to admit American military personnel. It was finally agreed that Yugoslav officers would be trained as instructors in U.S. military camps in America or Germany so that no American instructors need come to Yugoslavia. Instead of a military mission there would be only a Military Assistance Section to supervise the distribution, storage, and use of American arms. The agreement also stipulated that the number of American personnel be kept as low as possible, the maximum being unofficially fixed at thirty officers and men.

The chief of the section, Brigadier General John W. Harmony, a shrewd man who possesses a pleasant, easy-going manner, has set himself the task of breaking the ice and convincing the Yugoslavs that their suspicions are unfounded. It is said that within the last few months there has been a considerable improvement, and that the Yugoslav officers are warming up a little toward the members of the section. It does seem rather strange, however, that the donor rather than the recipient should have to win confidence.

The Americans are impressed by the spirit of the Yugoslav soldiers, by the intelligence of their officers, by their eagerness to learn, and by their efforts to overcome the greatest handicap of a Balkan army: the lack of skilled mechanics able to handle complicated modern arms and machinery.

The Pentagon has evidently decided that the Yugoslav Army is a good investment. When Assistant Secretary of Defense Frank Nash saw Marshal Tito in July, he informed him that Yugoslavia would get more tanks and artillery, as well as the jets on which the Yugoslavs are particularly keen. Unfortunately, American arms production still cannot meet the needs of our European Allies. It will not be possible to re-equip the Yugoslav Army fully, and it will not be easy to restore the balance of military power in the Balkans, which has been upset by the rapid rearmament of the satellites.

American military policy in Yugoslavia cannot be content with the mere rearmament of the Yugoslav Army. Even a strong and well-equipped army would make only a minor contribution to the defense of the Mediterranean area if it decided to limit its activities to the mountain fastnesses of central Yugoslavia, a region easy to de-

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fend but remote from the main European lines of communication. The strategically important sections of the Yugoslav front are the northwestern or Slovenian flank, covering the approaches to the plains of northern Italy, and the southeastern or Macedonian flank, covering the approaches to the port of Salonika on the Aegean. It is therefore necessary to integrate the Yugoslav defense plans with NATO plans for the defense of southern Europe. Some progress has lately been achieved toward this objective.

THE DEFENSE of Salonika and the fertile coastal plain of northern Greece is impossible without close collaboration between the Greek and Yugoslav armies. This cannot be improvised at the last moment, but must be carefully organized during peacetime. Even a year ago, most observers thought that such collaboration was out of the question. Not until March of this year did a spokesman of the Yugoslav Ministry of Foreign Affairs indicate that his government was willing to consider military conversations with Greece. Since then, relations between the two countries have become extremely cordial. In July a Greek parliamentary delegation toured Yugoslavia. In August this visit was repaid by a Yugoslav delegation led by Mosha Pijade, a member of Marshal Tito's Politburo. On September 15, one of the six top-ranking officers of the Yugoslav Army, Colonel General Jaksic, left for Athens with a military delegation.

The significance of this visit is greatly increased by the fact that after their stay in Greece, General Jaksic and his delegation proceeded to Turkey. Yugoslav spokesmen still insist that their government does not want to join any regional pacts or to sign written agreements, but ever since General Jaksic's visit to Turkey was announced, these assertions have not sounded convincing. It is one thing to come to an arrangement with a neighboring country about joint defense in case of an attack on both countries—even neutral countries like Switzerland have had such arrangements with their neighbors—but is is a different and far more significant matter if Yugoslavia also has military conversations with Turkey, with which it has no common frontier. It can only mean that Marshal Tito is willing to consider doing something he has previously lectured against: join a regional alliance.

This change in the Marshal's outlook may be attributed to these three factors:

1. The Yugoslav Army needs American arms. American diplomats and officers in Belgrade insist that no pressure whatsoever has been applied on the Yugoslav government, but even so, Marshal Tito must be aware that the United States considers collaboration between Yugoslava and its neighbors desirable both in its own interest and from the point view of Mediterranean strategy. And Tito must know that his chances of getting the quantity and type of equipment he wants are improved if he complies with this wish.

2. Yugoslavia, Greece, and Turkey all border on Bulgaria, a Soviet satellite with a strong army of its own and a potential base for Red Army operations against all three of these countries. It has apparently dawned on the Yugoslav régime that it is wiser to combine against this threat than to face it alone.

3. During the Trieste crisis of last spring, Italy was at a considerable advantage owing to the fact that as a NATO member it was closer than Yugoslavia to the United States and Great Britain. The Yugoslav leaders have learned that it is good to have friends, and that a membership card in the United Nations is not enough. It is doubtful whether Yugoslavia itself would be admitted to NATO if it applied, but in tying up with Greece and Turkey it has shown its willingness to establish friendly relations with its neighbors. It is to be expected that in the coming months the western powers will intensify their efforts to bring about a settlement of the Trieste question and to ensure military collaboration between Italy and Yugoslavia.

THE TOTAL of American economic aid extended to Yugoslavia since its break with the Soviet Union is estimated at about $250 million. To this must be added an unknown amount of military aid and considerable sums in grants and credits extended by Great Britain, France, and other NATO countries.

Even after all this, Marshal Tito must be termed an unwilling ally, but that does not mean that he is an uncertain one. He and his friends well know that they can expect no mercy from the Russians in the event of war, and that they will have to fight for their lives. In spite of their dislike of what they regard as western imperialism and capitalism, the pressure of events, the Soviet threat, and the weakness of their country are forcing them step by step into the western camp, and are probably doing this more efficaciously than any diplomatic pressure. American policy toward Yugoslavia counts on this. A policy of patience has been successful, and there is no reason why it should not continue to be.

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Three Red-Faced French Reds

THEODORE DRAPER

TWO EVENTS recently threw unique light on the inner workings of the key Communist Party in western Europe.

The first was the discovery by the French police when they arrested him this summer of a unique political document in Jacques Duclos's briefcase—his private diary. No such high-ranking Communist leader had ever permitted such a thing to become public property. In this otherwise ordinary notebook, Duclos had set down his own thoughts, what people had said to him, and, above all, a running account of the meetings of the French Politburo and the even more exclusive Secretariat of the French Communist Party. The notes covered the period April 7 to May 26 of this year, a peculiarly crucial seven weeks in the party's postwar career.

The second event was the downfall of the two highly feared French Communist leaders, André Marty and Charles Tillon. In September, Marty was dropped from the Secretariat to the Politburo, and Tillon from the Politburo to the more amorphous Central Committee. When news of the Marty-Tillon affair first leaked out, the New York *Times's* report said that Marty and Tillon were "hardened militants" and "partisans of direct action and force" whose policies were "incompatible with the present program of cooperation with non-Communist groups . . ." The report was merely the latest contribution to a journalistic mythology about the French Communist movement which has invariably cast Marty in the role of the most dangerous "extremist" and Duclos as the great "moderate."

The question is much larger than whether this characterization of particular individuals happens to be correct. What is involved is a fundamental misconception of what Communist leadership is and how it works. Duclos's diary and the Marty-Tillon affair are, of course, interesting and important for their own sakes. But they are also pieces that fit together to make possible a deeper insight into the Communist leadership of the Stalinist era.

Fiasco and Failure

To get the whole story in the right perspective, it is necessary to go back to the beginning of this year. On February 12, the French Communists tried to call a general strike. The pretext was somewhat feeble: The French government had banned a demonstration to commemorate the 1934 riots in Paris. The response was equally feeble; the day passed relatively uneventfully.

The French Communist movement had been going downhill for some time. Party membership had dropped from nearly a million to about 400,000. The circulation of *L'Humanité,* the party organ, had fallen from 500,000 to 190,000. The fiasco of February 12 gave the party leaders so much to worry about that they decided something drastic had to be done to recapture the initiative. Not knowing what to do, they sent off a member of the Politburo, François Billoux, to Moscow to see the long-absent party chief, Maurice Thorez.

This is where Duclos's diary comes in. There never was any doubt about the authenticity of the notebook because Duclos demanded its return as his personal property. When he protested against the publication of almost nine full columns of excerpts from the notebook in the Paris paper *Le Figaro,* the latter protected itself by claiming that it had obtained the material from the London Bureau of the Hearst-controlled International News Service. But no American paper thought that the story was worth more than a cursory report—including the Hearst press.

Those who were looking solely for sensational revelations in the diary were probably disappointed. There were some savory tidbits, such as the unqualified statement that "We are working for the defeat of the French Army in Indo-China, in Korea, and in Tunisia," a complaint that it was necessary "to overcome the hesitations of our doctors" to take part in the anti-American "germ-warfare" campaign, and another grievance that the party had "to fight to reduce overtime work" for French metalworkers because it enabled them to earn too much. There were other discoveries of special interest to the French, such as proof that three of the top leaders of the Communist-controlled Confédération Générale du Travail sit in and take part in all meetings of the Politburo, even though they are not supposed to belong to it.

To my mind, the most sensational as-

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pect of the diary is its dullness. There is a natural inclination for outsiders to assume that Communist leaders are less boring among themselves than in public, that they speak like human beings to one another. The dismal, disillusioning truth is that they make the same old speeches at—worse still—the same old length. Duclos himself seems to be the worst offender. His own notes show that he is constantly rehearsing in private the dreary monologues on the "political situation" that he delivers in public.

The overwhelming impression is one of robots mechanically repeating each other's mediocre utterances. The speeches and the speakers are practically interchangeable. There was only one suspicious circumstance, as we can see now. Both Marty and Tillon had nothing at all to say at party conclaves. Indeed, it seems that Marty opened his mouth only once in all the seven weeks covered by Duclos's notes.

The World from On High

The high point of Duclos's diary in terms of political interest was Billoux's return from Moscow. He gave a lengthy report of his trip to the Politburo on April 11. He had talked to Thorez for no less than twelve days. Thorez had complained about the loss of votes, readers, and party members. He had deplored the lack of action against military shipments and arms production. He demanded outright "action" and more open "struggle" against the American "occupation" and all forms of western defense. Thorez' message was summed up in Duclos's notes as tending to a "political change," but Billoux characteristically told his colleagues "not to give the impression of making a turn."

Thus the instructions from Moscow called for a tougher, more extreme line. Although the general strike of February 12 had failed, they demanded more of the same, only bigger and more successful. There was no semblance of debate or even discussion. The voice from Moscow had spoken. Everyone agreed as a matter of course and from long practice. The next few meetings were devoted to working out plans to please Moscow.

Thorez' instructions were faithfully carried out in the violent anti-Ridgway demonstration in Paris on May 28. About 50,000 of the party's strongest "militants" used commando tactics and cobblestone barricades against thousands of police and troops employing guns and tear gas. That was the day Duclos and his notebook were arrested. To protest the latter embarrassment, the party tried to call a general strike for June 4. It was an almost total failure.

It does not require very much imagination to fill in what happened after the setback of June 4. Since the local leaders had obeyed their previous instructions from Moscow, there is no reason to believe that they were capable of inventing new ones for themselves. The Central Committee was called together for a post-mortem on September 3-14. Auguste Lecœur, who used to be Thorez' personal secretary, made the big gesture of self-criticism. He confessed that the ill-fated general strike of February 12 had revealed a "wavering" in the party's contact with the masses. The May 28 and June 4 affairs had been "outrageously sectarian." There had been a "lack of equilibrium" (the understatement of the year) in Communist Party policy before and after May 28.

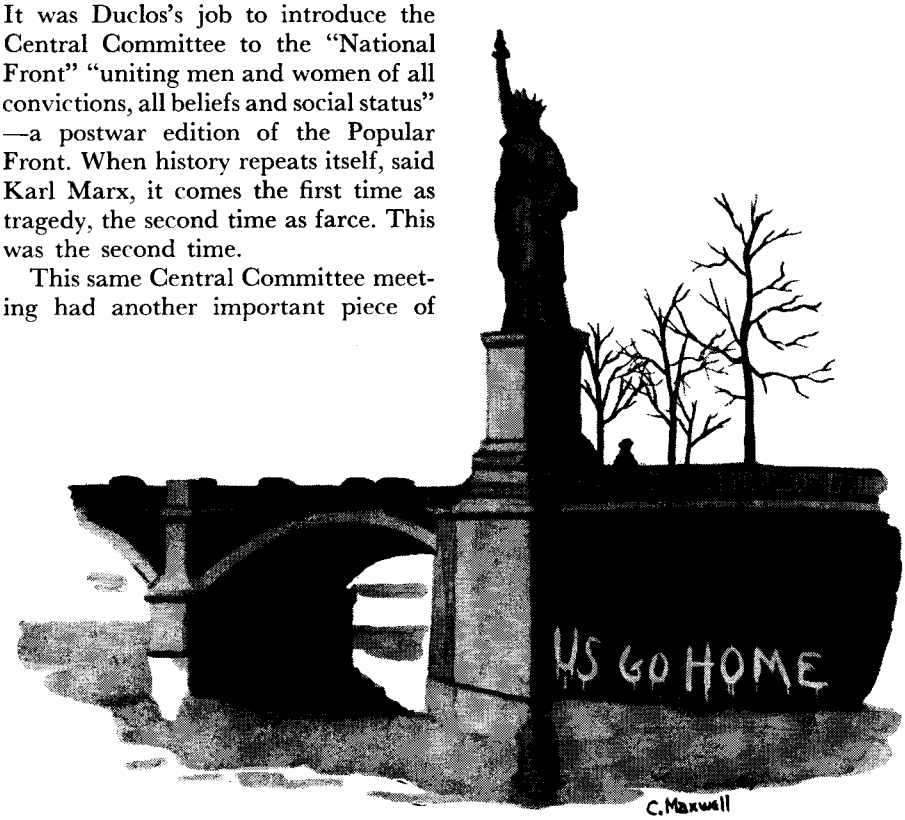
So the time had come for another change of line. The new policy proved to be familiar and somewhat soiled. It was Duclos's job to introduce the Central Committee to the "National Front" "uniting men and women of all convictions, all beliefs and social status" —a postwar edition of the Popular Front. When history repeats itself, said Karl Marx, it comes the first time as tragedy, the second time as farce. This was the second time.

This same Central Committee meeting had another important piece of business to transact. The Thorez-Duclos party machine had decided to settle accounts with André Marty and Charles Tillon. The mere fact that they were taken down only one peg deceived no one. The Communist movement has become so completely ritualized that even purges are carried out according to an established etiquette. Everyone knew that Marty and Tillon were being given the choice of disgracing themselves or being disgraced.

And then the news went round the world that the French "extremists" were being liquidated. Factually, there was no foundation to the story. At the Central Committee meeting, the charges against Marty and Tillon were delivered by Léon Mauvais (who had complained that the French metalworkers' wages were too high). Marty, who came to witness his own political burial and listen to the funeral oration (Tillon was apparently too far gone to appear), did not deny any of Mauvais's points.

Marty's Missteps

According to Mauvais, Marty's troubles began in 1947, soon after the Cominform was established. The late Andrei Zhdanov had ordered a frontal assault against "American imperialism" and the so-called "Third Force".



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Government, which included the Popular Republicans and Socialists. Thorez, of course, automatically backed the Russian position, a conditioned reflex upon which his entire career has been based.

Marty was accused of having his own ideas. He wanted "to fight exclusively against de Gaulle," Mauvais claimed. This led Marty to the auxiliary crimes of "relegating to the background the seizure of France by American imperialism and of underestimating the role played by the Socialist leaders." In sum, Marty wanted to make de Gaulle the main target, while Thorez concentrated his fire on the "Third Force" Government.

Marty's second sin was also a rebellion against the Russians. In 1949, Thorez stated publicly that the French people would behave toward the Soviet Army like the peoples of Poland, Romania, and Yugoslavia if the Soviet Army ever invaded France. It was a thinly veiled pledge of treason. Evidently Marty had been taken aback by the statement. Mauvais accused him of a "nationalist conception," a charge which was also leveled against Tillon.

Tillon's Opportunism

The indictment against Tillon was even more serious and could be traced farther back. In 1939, Tillon had dared to reproach Thorez for his desertion from the French Army. Later, in 1944, while Thorez was safe in Russia, Tillon was leading the Communist underground partisans in France. Apparently this difference in roles confirmed Tillon's low opinion of Thorez and his high opinion of himself. After the war, Tillon was put in charge of the party's "peace" movement. Mauvais accused him of using it to build up a personal machine by giving jobs to former partisans. Since Tillon himself was removed from the "peace" movement in 1951, the inner-party struggle has been raging for over a year now.

Who are the "extremists" and who are the "moderates"?

Marty's reputation as a strong-arm, direct-action Communist goes back to the Black Sea revolt of 1919, when he led a mutiny in the French Navy. Tillon also took part in that historic revolutionary incident and their close personal relationship dates from that period. Marty and Tillon again found themselves together in the Spanish Civil War of the 1930's.

On the other hand, Thorez' name is mainly connected with the prewar Popular Front. That he joined the party in 1919 and became its general secretary in 1930 is not so well known or remembered. Ironically, Stalin was waging a war against the "rightist deviation" in the Communist International in 1930 and Thorez (as well as that other famous "moderate," Earl Browder) was one of the beneficiaries of the "leftist turn." Thus Thorez had over three years of pre-Popular Front "extremism" to his credit before he was permitted to lead in the opposite direction. And since 1939, he has accommodated himself to equally sharp turns in the line.

In the present Marty-Tillon case, the motives were obviously twofold: personal ambitions for party power and the "nationalist" heresy. Neither Marty nor Tillon was accused of any link with Tito, but any sign of political independence in the Communist movement these days is considered to be tainted with the Yugoslav disease. Marty would have been forgiven much more if he had not betrayed some qualms about the Russians. Mauvais's most telling accusation centered about Marty's and Tillon's alleged "nationalist conception."

Whether Marty and Tillon were tactically too "extremist" had nothing to do with their downfall. If anything, Marty's position in 1947 was the more "moderate" one.

The important thing to remember is that all the leading actors in this typically Communist drama have been party "functionaries" for over thirty years. Viewed over this period, the Communist movement is like a historical museum of every possible political position, "left" and "right," "sectarian," "opportunist," "extremist," and "moderate." All of these men survived in the top leadership because they had proved themselves capable of taking every conceivable kind of order and carrying out every imaginable type of policy. The notion that one of them represents one kind of policy as against a different type of policy is carried over from traditional democratic politics and does not apply to the Communist movement. In that movement no one represents any kind of policy or he could not survive a single change of line. As soon as anyone does represent a recognizable policy, his troubles begin.

If any verification were still needed, we have it in Duclos's notebook. Where did the instructions to use extremist tactics come from last April? From the "moderate" Thorez in Moscow. As long as the order came from the right place, there was not a whimper from all the other "moderates," led by Duclos. Their enthusiasm for the previous line was as mechanical as their passion for the present one.

THE DEMORALIZATION of French Communist leadership may have had some influence on the unexpected character of Stalin's concluding speech at the recent Communist Congress in Moscow. Stalin devoted half of it to

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virtually direct instructions to the foreign Communist Parties, something he has not done for about twenty years. Throughout the 1920's, such behavior was commonplace. In 1929, for example, he made some famous speeches on the American Communist Party in which he bluntly told the local leaders whom he wanted and what to do. They were duly published in a little pamphlet, now a collector's item. But that sort of a thing became undiplomatic in the 1930's.

Why did Stalin have to speak out once more so directly to tell the foreign Communist parties to become the champions of the "bourgeois-democratic freedoms" and the "national principle"? Obviously he was addressing his words primarily to the French and Italian Communist Parties. One explanation may be that every major change of line constitutes such a crisis for the Communist movement that only the highest authority can hope to enforce it. The French party certainly needed the maximum support from Moscow.

Guinea Pig

Stalin's speech was a footnote to the lengthy theoretical article which he published before the Congress. In the latter he had prophesied that war among the "capitalist states" was again more likely than war against the Soviet Union. The corollary, as far as international Communist tactics are concerned, is that the foreign parties have to encourage every real or imaginary split in the enemy's ranks. And this cannot be done on the basis of orthodox Communist propaganda, which has the effect of uniting the enemy. By adopting slogans of the "popular front" the Communists are doing all they can to make it look as if European nationalism is pro-Soviet and anti-American.

Once again, we can expect France to be the testing ground of the "front" strategy.

A Briton Considers Our Bewildering Party Apparatus

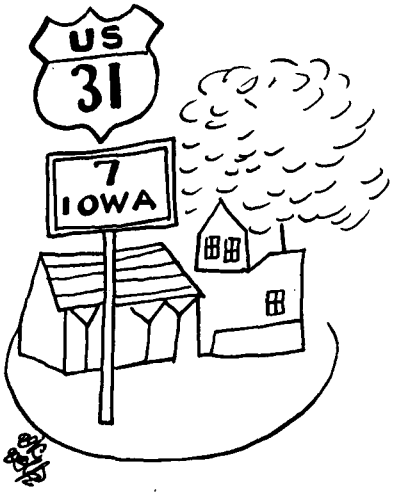
H. G. NICHOLAS

ENGLISHMEN who have viewed American elections from three thousand miles across the Atlantic have generally been impressed by the elaborateness of the organizations involved as well as by the magnitude and the professionalism of it all. The very language of American politics suggests a planned, powerful, smooth-running, and disciplined instrument. Surely, these Englishmen have decided, an American party is the counterpart in the field of politics of the corporation in the field of American business—a great, synthetic, efficient, productive mechanism, smoothly controlled from above and ordering the movement of millions below.

I have discovered in the last few weeks that such an image quickly vanishes when confronted with reality. Even a cursory inspection of the American political scene at election time reveals a wholly different condition of affairs. Far from order, there is a rich and riotous confusion; in place of impersonal "machines," there is every kind of spontaneous organism. The disciplined ward heelers turn out to be an unseemly scramble of enthusiastic volunteers; the symmetrical pyramid we have heard about—from precinct to ward to county to state to nation—is an untidy cairn composed of stones of every conceivable size, with mortar either inadequate or nonexistent, and with an apex whose location shifts according to wherever you happen to be standing at the moment.

Forty-Eight Elections

Englishmen have long since been used to the loose structure of American government, open-mouthed as the Mississippi delta, with its forty-eight state administrations, a three-headed Gargantua in Washington, and a hydraheaded executive within that. Yet in terms of its party structure the United States is still only a confederacy—a league of more or less friendly states. There are forty-eight elections to be fought, and for Republicans and Democrats alike, forty-eight parties with which to fight them. Here at least, states' rights has not lost its meaning. Not only is the so-called national committee sharply limited as to its power, the servant and not the master of state organizations; it is only in every leap year that life is breathed into its skinny skeleton at all and it acquires a limited vitality.



CONTRASTED with this, the central office of a British party—having its intimate connection with its Parliamentary representatives, its continuing war chest, its large voice in the nomination of candidates, its role in the party's important annual conference, and, above all, with its continuity of direction, of membership, and of location

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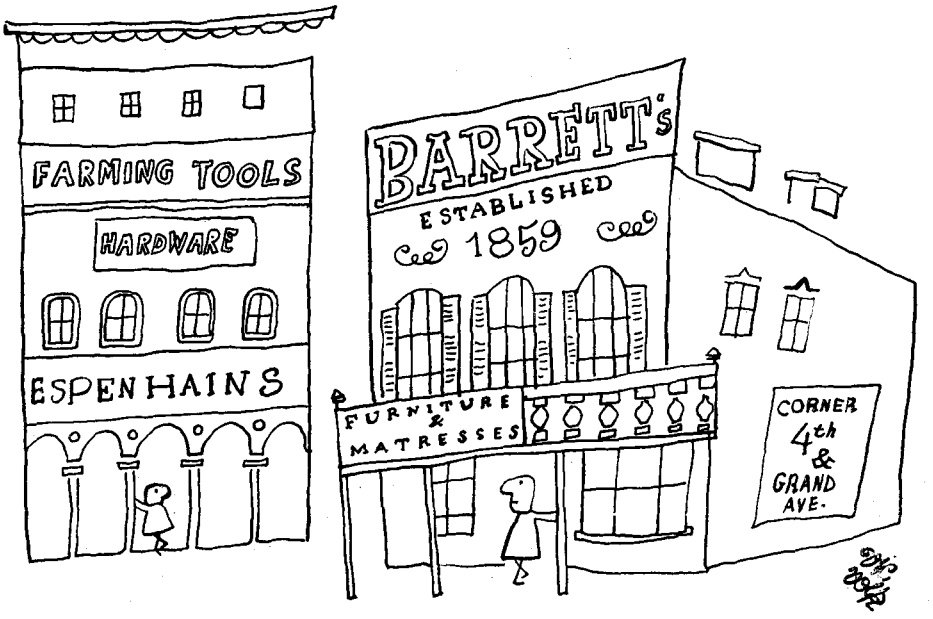


—seems at first glance to be a variety of totalitarian despotism.

The American party organization is a phoenix, burning itself out after each election, soaring with a new (or at least a rewelded) pair of wings after each primary. The effort this must involve for all concerned is something that appalls the visitor; the energy that is given to it excites his admiration; the complexities that result therefrom befuddle his poor comprehension.

He is not greatly surprised, perhaps, to read of a Republican headquarters in the South in which the pro-Taft workers occupy one room and the pro-Eisenhowerites another, while the clerical workers in the third provide a neutral territory between them. This is the familiar human raw material of politics in every country and could be paralleled in many a British election campaign. (It is a little odd, of course, that in Texas Governor Shivers's Democratic state chairman should share the same office as the Republican state chairman, but no odder than that in at least one British constituency in 1951 the Liberal and the Conservative agents should have done the same.) It is rather the way in which these political rivalries and anomalies institutionalize themselves, persist, and even proliferate that startles the ignorant bystander.

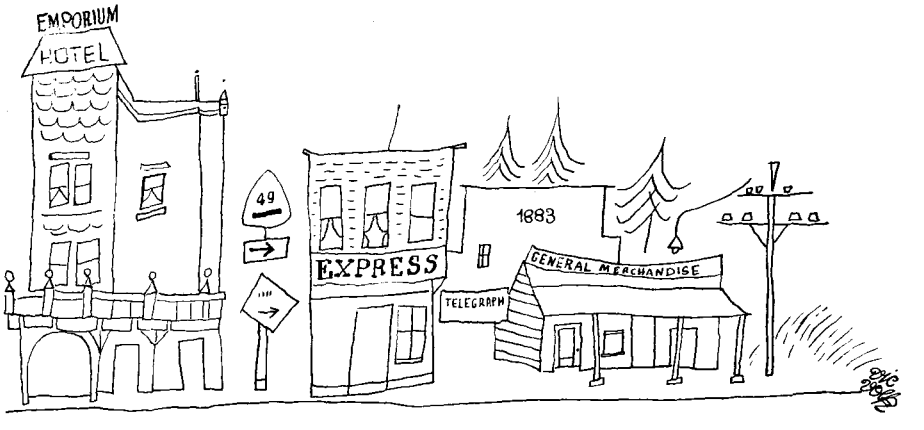
There was, for example, a news item to the effect that in New Jersey the Republican state committee had announced that it would have "over-all control" in the direction of the campaign—i.e., would welcome the cooperation of the Eisenhower-Nixon clubs but would not share its authority with them. But at the same time it was announced by the organizers of these clubs that they could not be expected to go all the way in support of Republican candidates for Congress—such decisions being up to the individual clubs. "Many clubs," it was explained, "have independents and Democrats for members who are for Eisenhower, but may favor Democrats in local elections." The Republican state chairman summed it up by saying, "There has been some confusion but no basic conflict."

Again it is interesting to observe how the use of the primary may produce not a simplification but a complication of the struggle that follows. The defeated primary candidate may refuse to lie down after being killed, or the regular organization may decline to aid the primary winner. In that event, in place of the united front against the common foe there emerges a pair of organizations—sometimes a sleeping and an active partner, sometimes a front- and a back-seat driver.

The Menace of the Pros

All this, to British eyes, is very confusing—like the American landscape or the New York skyline. To those who set a high value on complete orderliness in politics it will appear reprehensible. But I would be prepared to argue that this is not only unavoidable but eminently desirable—if not always in its superficial aspect yet certainly in the fundamental purposes it serves. It is unavoidable, of course, because of the size and diversity of the American continent, which every European has to experience for himself in order properly to understand. But there is, in addition, a positive justification for it.

There exists, in both British and American party systems, a latent totalitarianism. Monopoly, after all, is only the next station beyond that utopia of political scientists, the two-party system. The utopia of thrust and counterthrust, of Government and Opposition, or "ins" and "outs" in which our political felicity is supposed to lie, is one which may be easily overshot—not necessarily by those possessed of frankly autocratic designs, but by the professional "operators" of democratic politics, the party regulars whose career is bound up with the smooth functioning of the machine. They may easily have a professional interest which transcends the narrow barriers of political principle and reaches out to that euphoric realm where all politicians are the same politician, where the camaraderie of the cloakrooms, the common worn currency of stock political arguments, the shared experience of a thousand fights (though on opposite sides)



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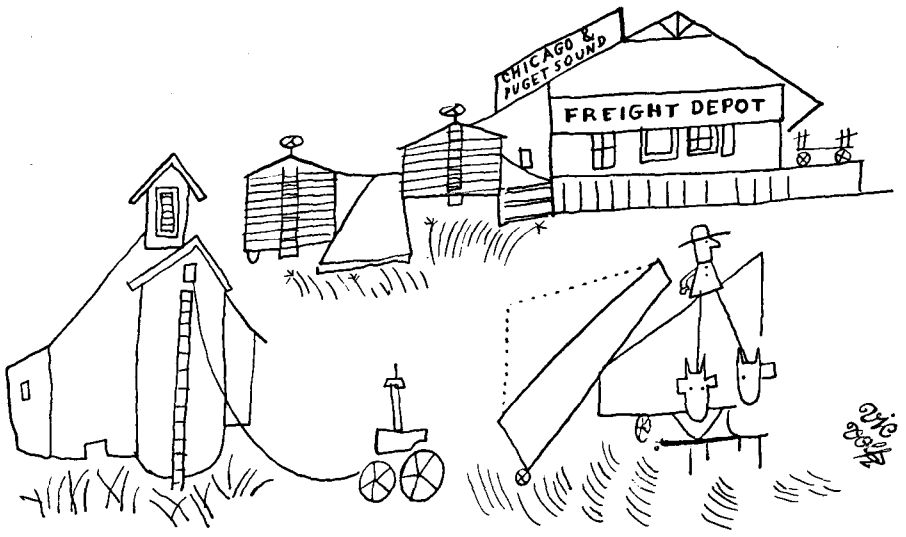


give them more in common with their opponents than with their amateur allies.

This is the point at which the sanctities of a two-party system may serve to suppress or thwart the expression of fresh political demands, and to substitute for a genuine clash of principles (or interests) a sham contest between bogus alternatives. At the same time, of course, the two sets of incumbents will readily combine in hostility to any third party, and by any convenient device, such as preventing such a party from getting on the ballot, will seek to confine the channels of political expression to the two controlled by themselves.

This risk is by no means peculiar to the United States, but the nature of American parties may upon occasion expose them to it more readily than some others. Their internal diversity, the fact that so often the differences between their own right and left wings exceed those between their respective centers, could make it easy for the party regulars, the organization men, to play down all issues of principle between the parties and to run the government upon the philosophy of the pork barrel.

Their real enemies would then become not their nominal opponents but those within the party itself who sought to challenge a selfish leadership and to trouble the waters of party regularity with arguments about ideas or principles. In these circumstances a neat party structure or a rigid code of party discipline could be disastrous. If state organizations properly controlled county machines, if the national committee properly controlled the state committees, there could ensue such a stifling of expression, such an elimination of protest as could turn America into a political despotism without any tampering with the formal structure of government.

Fortunately, no such system exists. Instead, mushrooming auxiliary (or, as they sometimes are, rival) organizations force their way into the smooth flow of the two great party streams, shake up their sandbanks, flush their stagnant pools, and occasionally even divert their courses.

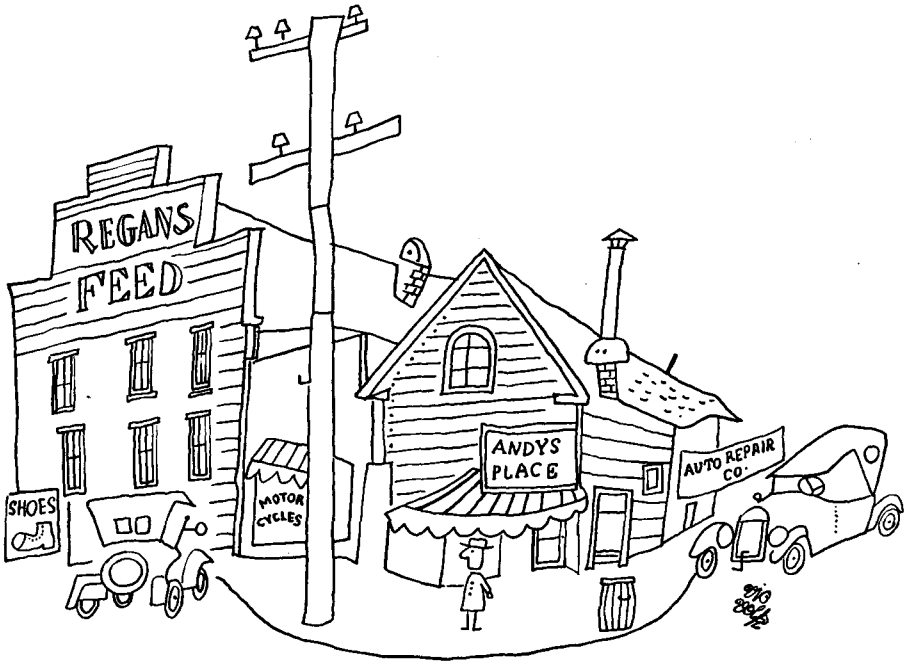
Accent on Youth

Furthermore, they sometimes bring into national politics fresh elements which cannot easily find entry by the regular channels. They enable the United States every four years, under the mysterious alchemy of its Convention system, to comb the nation for new standard bearers, without necessarily having to adopt, as in almost all European countries, those next in seniority to the parties' aging leaders. In this respect, incidentally, how startling is the contrast between a party outside Congress and a party within! If the political arteriosclerosis imposed by seniority rule were to spread to party organizations, the nation would be ruled entirely by gray-maned "elder statesmen."

Again, any European observer must remark on the ease with which an interest such as labor is able to bring its weight to bear swiftly on politics without necessarily forming a new party of its own or accepting permanent incorporation within either of the existing parties.

This is not to say that the system—or lack of system—has no drawbacks. For every benefit some price must be paid, and this rich spontaneity of American politics is no exception.

In the first place, it cannot be denied that it is confusing. The way it opens to the political free lance or reformer often wears the aspect of a maze to the citizen whose political participation is one degree less intense, the ordinary voter. Surely, much of the low turnout at the polls is attributable to the fact that the system, necessarily complex at



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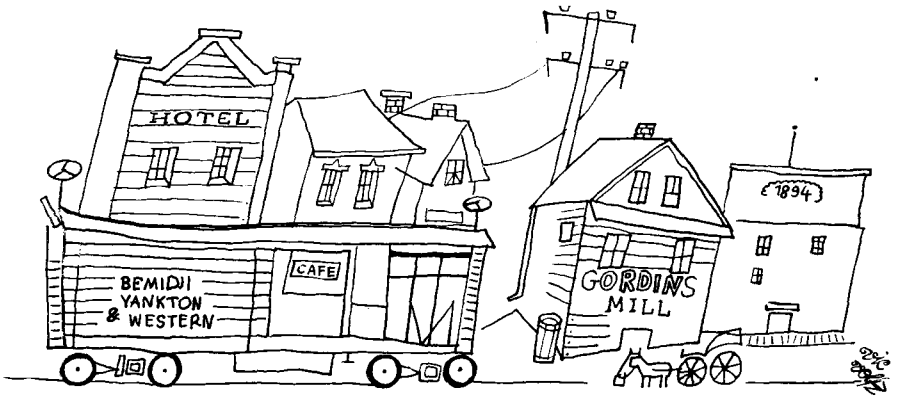


all times, becomes particularly so just at those periods when the plain man is preparing to perform perhaps his one act of civic duty—exercising his vote.

In the second place, it is prodigal of effort. Multiplicity of organizations inevitably means friction and duplication of effort. No political activity deserving of the term "democratic" ought to make efficiency a supreme virtue, and any healthy political movement will develop internal friction. Yet more than once in various states I observed how it has taken effort little short of heroic to harmonize the various groups within each party.

In New Orleans, for example, before the Democratic organization could really begin to roll, Volunteers for Stevenson had to unite with Young Democrats, Old Regulars, and the Crescent City Democratic Association. In California, in addition to the regular Democratic organization there were the Stevenson-Sparkman Clubs of California, the Stevenson-Sparkman Californians, the Volunteers for Stevenson, and of course the CIO's PAC and the AFL's League for Political Education.

Add to these, in almost every state, the further complications resulting from the candidates who, for state or Congressional elections, maintain an independent personal organization of their own, and you have a problem of internal co-ordination often more baffling than that of giving battle to the common enemy.

FINALLY, another question comes up. The United States, with whatever hesitancies and backward glances, has chosen to have bigness in most departments of its national life—in its Federal government, in business, and in labor. In all these fields it has carried the organization of power to formidable lengths. Yet for the ultimate control of these huge concentrations it continues to rely upon these curiously ramshackle, *ad hoc* combinations of its citizenry which are the national parties.

In Britain, wisely or not, we have chosen to have a less anarchic, more rigid, larger-scale system of party organizations.

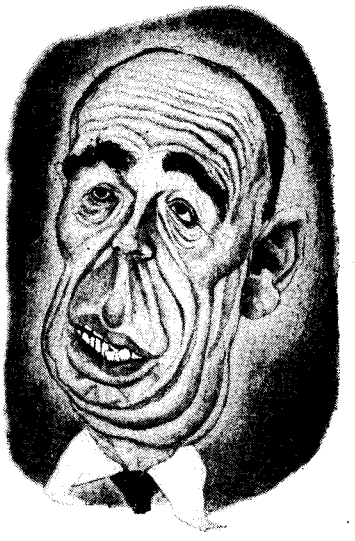
But in every society there is a point beyond which you cannot organize for freedom without defeating the very purpose you set out to serve. Whether the American party system of 1952 has reached that point or is still dangerously below it is a question that I find much easier to ask than to answer.

The Senator And the Gadfly

RALPH M. BLAGDEN

THE BANGOR *Evening Commercial*, a gadfly among Maine's ten daily newspapers, earlier this year produced a long stinger that thrust itself into the astonished carcass of United States Senator Owen Brewster. The success of the attack astonished the people of Maine scarcely less than it did the Senator. If Brewster, who had been on the public payroll since 1917 with minor interludes, was to get his comeuppance, it seemed inevitable that his overthrow would be accomplished by the great and mighty—cartoonists Herblock and James Fitzpatrick, radio commentator Elmer Davis, columnists Drew Pearson and Marquis Childs, and newspapers like the Washington *Post* and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. Instead the *coup de grâce* was administered by the *Commercial* (daily circulation 13,000, Sunday 22,000) from its two-story plant by the Kenduskeag River, which bisects Bangor, the one-time lumber capital of the world and the locale of the original "Hell's Half Acre."

A now decorous Bangor heard this year, in the voice of the *Commercial*, some of the irreverence and lustiness



Brewster

it once knew when rampaging lumberjacks gouged the red carpets of the Bangor House with their caulked boots. The professional long-range analysts of the American press are forever decrying the trend toward monopoly and repining over the lost boons of competition. Rarely has competition evidenced itself more conspicuously in the flatlands of

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journalistic monopoly, and rarely has competition come closer to achieving most of the virtues claimed for it than in the Brewster-*Commercial* affray. From Kittery Point at the southern tip of Maine to the St. John River there is only one city in the state with two separate daily newspaper ownerships. That city is Bangor.

A year ago last July *Nieman Reports,* published by the Nieman Foundation at Harvard, ran two articles that defended newspaper monopoly. One was by Irving Dilliard, chief editorial writer of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* and the other was by John Cowles, of the Cowles newspapers. Exactly a year later James Ewing, publisher and editor of the Bangor *Commercial,* wrote a letter to *Nieman Reports.* It was meant, somewhat wistfully I imagine, to call attention to what his newspaper had achieved in a good old-fashioned competitive slugfest. Ewing never meant his letter to be published, but it was, casually on page 47, and there, so far as any serious recognition of the *Commercial's* performance went, the matter has rested.

YET what the *Commercial* did was a very considerable answer to the arguments of Cowles and Dilliard. Had there been no *Commercial* in Bangor —no independent second paper—the defeat of Brewster might not have been accomplished. Every one of the daily newspapers in Maine, apart from the *Commercial,* either was supporting Brewster against the Senatorial candidacy of Governor Frederick C. Payne or else was neutral. The only really active allies the *Commercial* had in its own profession were four weeklies—the Fort Fairfield *Review,* the Eastport *Sentinel,* the Rumford Falls *Times,* and the Caribou *Aroostook Republican.*

It is not easy to prove that a newspaper campaign against a political candidate is in itself decisive. The effectiveness of the *Commercial's* campaign, however, seems as provable as any such case I have ever studied. Brewster himself was quoted in the Washington *Post* as "blaming" his defeat on the "smear attacks" of the *Commercial.* May Craig, writing her Washington column for the Portland *Press-Herald,* a Guy Gannett paper that supported Brewster, cited the *Commercial* as one of the three factors that defeated Brewster. From far-off St. Louis, Dilliard's own page in the *Post-Dispatch* (which has just purchased the St. Louis *Star-Times* and blotted out competition in the afternoon field there) paid a brief tribute to competition in Bangor.

In a store on Bangor's Main Street, a businessman denied that the *Commercial* had led him to vote against Brewster. "It was all those facts," he said, "those free rides in Pan American's planes, the things Howard Hughes said about the Senator, and that wire-tapping business in Washington. All those facts were printed in the *Commercial,* but they came right off the record. No sir, the *Commercial* didn't make up my mind for me. It was the facts."

No newspaper could ask for a more satisfactory testimonial to its influence and its method of making it felt.

Three Little Words

Three factors explain the *Commercial's* success in doing what high-priced national journalists had failed to do in their sporadic efforts to unseat Brewster. They could be summed up in three words—"where," "when," and "how."

The *Commercial* hit Brewster *where* he lived—Penobscot County. Sticks and stones would not break Brewster's political bones in Washington, but words along the Penobscot hurt. In 1946 Brewster had a comfortable plurality of eight thousand votes in Penobscot County. Last June he was depending upon Penobscot to offset any losses elsewhere in the state. Instead of the big boost he expected, his past pluralities turned into a deficit. He lost every major city and town in the county, except for his own home town in Dexter.

The *when* of the *Commercial* was as important as its *where.* Exposures usually have a way of breaking at times that are conveniently distant from a politician's bid for re-election. The *Commercial* waited until a month before the primary and then telescoped the entire Brewster record in an exhaustive recapitulation that continued up to June 16, Primary Day.

But it was the *how* that formed the most distinguishing feature of the paper's campaign. As the primary campaign got under way, Brewster spoke in Farmington, a snug little town on the edge of the big woods. His speech was a bugle call for a vigorous campaign, calling a spade a spade and a crook a crook. He said it was the kind of campaign he had conducted as head of the Republican Senate campaign committee, and that it had given the Republicans twenty more seats in the Senate and forty in the House. That, he said, was the kind of campaign he wanted in the Maine primary.

That was the kind he got, only it was conducted by the Bangor *Commercial,* and the spades that the paper named were those that dug Brewster's political grave.

THERE has probably never been a campaign in Maine like the *Commercial's.* There were editions of the *Commercial* in which the campaign consumed more than a third of all the nonadvertising space in the paper—

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with newsprint at $126 a ton. But if the *Commercial* had fought Brewster with space-saving editorial fulminations and invective, it would have been outclassed by a master of these techniques, Brewster himself. So the core of its campaign was the record, a huge vein of ore, usually plowed under by the American press as soon as it has been exposed to the day's swift headlines.

The *Commercial* went back to it—the Howard Hughes hearing, the wiretap hearings, the revelation of how Brewster used Henry Grunewald as a conduit through which to sluice money for Senator Richard Nixon's primary campaign in California. Day after day, column after column revived verbatim testimony before investigatory committees from 1947 to 1952. The transcripts were woven together with a professional skill that caused many to surmise that the *Commercial* had outside assistance. Certainly it had people tracking down the records in Washington, and it supplemented its daily flashbacks with cartoons, editorials, satirical playlets, and spot-news stories.

Ewing's Laboratory

Sparking this campaign was a thirty-ish, pleasantly serious man, Jim Ewing, son of Federal Security Administrator Oscar Ewing. If Ewing had not done the thing right, or if he had retreated, he would have been a sitting duck for Brewster's particular brand of attack. As far back as last February, Brewster had set the stage for his answer to the *Commercial,* which was plainly not one of his admirers.

In a newsletter posted from Washington, Brewster sought to establish Oscar Ewing as the real power behind the *Commercial.* Brewster's letter claimed that Oscar Ewing had put "$50,000 a year of somebody's money" into a paper in Bangor, a paper which even an astigmatic bat could see was the *Commercial.* According to Brewster, Ewing was giving special attention to Maine as a laboratory for his ideas, which, the Senator left no doubt, were socialistic to say the least. Maine, which has voted Republican in all but one election since the Civil War, would hardly seem the promising place for the elder Ewing to experiment, but this fact did not restrain Brewster from subsequent dark references to the Democrats in Washington who were out to defeat him.

Brewster had good reason to believe that such identification of the *Commercial's* efforts with the ogres of New and Fair Dealism would be effective. The Bangor *News,* the biggest paper in the state, a die-hard Brewster supporter and the *Commercial's* daily rival, referred to Democratic Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois on June 14 as "Illinois' neurotic Paul Douglas, a Fair Dealer by his own admission." If Douglas had confessed to jimmying the Philadelphia Mint, the *News* could hardly have sounded more shocked.

The *Commercial* countered Brewster's strategy of guilt by paternal association by being perfectly frank about the ownership and operation of the paper. Oscar Ewing had only one share of stock. He had not come to Bangor before or during the campaign. Jim Ewing and his wife own about half of the stock of the paper. Bennett Fishler, who owns several papers in New Jersey, holds the other half.

Jim Ewing's wife is the daughter of the highly conservative Arthur Stone Dewing, director of many corporations, author of standard works on corporate finance, and a former professor of the same subject at Harvard. He has served as financial adviser of the Bangor *Commercial* since it changed hands in 1946. Because Dewing and Oscar Ewing pretty much canceled each other out in their views, it was agreed in 1946 that neither would ever undertake to influence the political policies of the paper. But Fishler, whose papers are Republican, participated in the original strategy meeting that decided to strain every journalistic muscle to defeat Brewster.

As of now the *Commercial* is running comfortably ahead of last year's circulation figures. During the campaign Ewing was subjected to no pressure from his advertisers, a pretty good sign that his paper was not too much out of step with its readers. The *Commercial's* campaign was aided, no doubt, by a widespread surfeit of pro-Brewster headlines elsewhere. During the campaign only two subscribers canceled their subscriptions in protest, although some of the country-club set dropped discussion of Jim's paper as if it had suddenly become a demented relative.

At Dover-Foxcroft on May 16, Brewster said that a Bangor paper and several weeklies "which do not agree with me" had adopted "methods which are not characteristic of the type of journalism we know in Maine."

Those were among the truest words ever spoken by Brewster. Many Maine papers seem to have learned well the habits of obedience. Some of them walk humbly before dominant political and industrial figures. The Bangor *Commercial* had certainly broken with the Maine journalistic stereotype of which Brewster so nostalgically approved. Since the *Commercial's* articles were abridged and reprinted all over the state, there is every reason to believe that it and its four co-operating weeklies accounted for the three thousand votes by which Payne defeated Brewster.

In 1910, when the United States had a population of 92 million, there were 2,600 dailies. Today, with a population of 158 million, there are only 1,773 dailies. In his *Nieman Reports* article, Mr. Cowles emphatically went on record as believing that "the trend toward fewer and better daily newspapers has been clearly beneficial to the people of this country."

Had this "beneficial" trend eliminated the Bangor *Commercial,* the people of Maine and of the country would almost certainly be confronted with six more years of Owen Brewster.

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Self-Consciousness, Culture, And the Carthaginians

SYLVIA WRIGHT

DURING the war, when writers in the Office of War Information had to explain the difficulties of supplying our armies, they used the following statistic: "It takes one ton of equipment to land an American soldier in the European battle zone, and seven tons a month to keep him fighting."

This compact and handy fact soon came so trippingly from various typewriters that one editor used to comment somberly, "Here comes old one-ton-seven-tons again." Old one-ton-seven-tons was one of many, including "One-third of America's manpower is woman power" (war production) and "From Guadalcanal to Tokyo is six times the distance from Paris to Berlin."

In recent months I have been working for the State Department as an editor of a booklet called *The Arts in the United States,* for distribution overseas under the information program. Again I tapped a mine of neat, self-contained facts that come easily to the typewriter —this time not about war but about American culture. In the field of music, for example: "Since 1936, there has been an enormous increase in the number of summer music schools and music festivals in the United States." (I am ashamed to say that the word "burgeon" often creeps in.) "During twenty years at the Eastman School Festival of American Music, 900 orchestral works by more than 400 American composers have been played."

The elemental and classic quote in this galaxy was used by Frederick Lewis Allen in an article called "The Spirit of the Times" in the July issue of *Harper's:* "In 1900 there were only a handful of symphony orchestras in the country; by May 1951 there were 659 'symphonic groups'—including 52 professional, 343 community, 231 college, and a scattering of miscellaneous amateur groups. Fifteen hundred American cities and towns now support annual series of concerts."

I could give you similar meaningful facts about American literature, painting, and the other arts.

If you write propaganda you need facts like these, and it can't be helped if they become clichés. It can't be helped either if things are always entering the main stream of American culture or some American art form is always coming of age. American literature has come of age at least four separate times—which reminds me again of the old OWI, where there were four different turning points for the Second World War.

In putting together a booklet on the arts in the United States, the Division of Publications of the State Department was moved by the worthy ambition of correcting some false impressions and convincing the outside world that we *are* a cultured people—traditional European belief, the wails of our avant-garde, and the general appearance of things to the contrary notwithstanding. What more natural than to describe an increasing interest in the arts all over the country, the huge new audience for classic ballet, the new audience for artistic films, and even, on the basis of Gian-Carlo Menotti's television opera "Amahl and the Night Visitors," to hold out hope for television as the source of a huge new audience for opera?

This is the "659-symphonic-groups" approach to American culture. I think it's just, it's dignified, it's worthy, and I don't like it.

AT one point when my colleagues and I despaired of producing a booklet that would be anything but boring in the face of this approach, we decided to be Frenchmen producing a propaganda booklet on the arts in France. It was a breeze. Outside pressure prevented

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us from arriving at a complete table of contents, but it contained something like the following: at least one article on the philosophy of fashion; a hitherto unpublished and startling set of limericks from recently unearthed notebooks of a late great French savant; a lyrically written article called "The Morality of Evil," on the beauty of early morning in the red-light district of Paris (this was composed by a new fifteen-year-old writer in the jail where he was serving a term for peddling dope and was illustrated by Brassai or Cartier-Bresson photographs); somewhere in the book there was, of course, a full-page photograph of Jean Cocteau's hands; the lead article, by Sartre and entitled "*L'Etre, ce n'est pas moi,*" announced that Sartre had ceased to exist and was therefore repudiating existentialism.

You see what I mean. There were no statistics, nothing about how the population loved art, nothing about little orchestras sawing away in remote *départements*. The French booklet took for granted that France had culture and dealt with specific products—the work of artists.

MR. ALLEN of *Harper's*, like the State Department, prefers the symphonic approach. He takes a comparison from the late President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard between the civilization of Greece, which influenced the whole world because the Greeks respected learning, philosophy, and the arts, and Carthage, which had no influence at all because its civilization was purely commercial. Mr. Allen sets out to prove that the United States is not a Carthage, that although we are not as religious as our ancestors, we have a new sort of morality that is not entirely to be sneezed at, and that many of us Americans are constantly busy with cultural activities of all kinds.

Now, about the Carthaginians. They were deeply religious in their own peculiar way—probably more so than we are—and there were a number of well-educated and able Carthaginians like Hannibal. But as a whole they concentrated their energy on trading all over the Mediterranean, and their education, designed to promote money-making, emphasized handwriting, arithmetic, and bookkeeping. In short, they had no culture.

But the real reason Carthage made little mark on history is not that the Carthaginians were a money-grubbing lot, but that in seven hundred years they produced only three or four good writers—and the magnum opus of one of these was a twenty-eight-volume work on animal husbandry. My own hunch is that most of the people who could write spent their time turning out propaganda pamphlets for the Romans, the Libyans, and the Numidians:

"It takes one elephant to get a Carthaginian soldier to Italy, and seven elephants a month to keep him fighting"; "Carthaginians attend at least three hundred lectures on cultural subjects every year"; "Fifty thousand Carthaginians study the lyre and the flute"; "Although respect for the gods isn't as great as it was in the time of Hanno, still, during the past year twenty-seven new temples were built and four thousand aristocratic children under the age of six were sacrificed to Moloch."

The Roman reaction to this kind of thing was to announce at regular intervals that Carthage must be destroyed.

Statistics and Shakespeare

Leaving the Carthaginians out of it, it is something new to describe a country's civilization in terms of the number of people engaged in cultural activities. I've never heard how many Elizabethans sang in amateur madrigal groups or put on experimental masques in small community theaters all over England. When I went to college, we learned about the great artists of the Elizabethan period. We did hear that Shakespeare always drew large audiences, but I don't remember figures on the study groups of farmers and workers who met to discuss the plays. In fact, from some of the descriptions, Shakespeare's audiences sound pretty uncultured.

How do you determine how cultured a population at large is, and who cares? Worrying about your culture is dangerous: You can get sacred and mystical, and then you are in the soup. (See Germany.) The only other country I can think of which gets so upset about its culture is the Soviet Union, where, as various commentators have pointed out, everyone rushes to clean up washrooms, speak politely, and produce more tanks if his behavior is criticized as "*nyet kulturni.*" I could make out an argument (but I won't) that in emphasizing our culture, the State Department is being un-American.

In a thousand or two thousand or three thousand years, what historian of civilization will care that we played in 659 "symphonic groups," in one year, bought 231 million pocket books (including 350,000 copies of the Odyssey), and visited art museums fifty million strong, if he possesses one recording of *Appalachian Spring*, one copy of *The Wild Palms*, a Cummings poem, or a Marin water color?

Propaganda writers are supposed to project American democracy, so perhaps it is natural that they should talk about the arts in terms of the largest group of people involved—the audience. But this is like talking about swimming the English Channel in terms of the number of minnows fright-

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ened by the swimmer. Art has nothing to do with large groups of people. It is lonely, ruthless, and ademocratic. We have a tradition that any American boy can be President. We should call a halt before we find ourselves believing that any American boy can be Hemingway. One is plenty.

But it is true that if he is called on to talk about the artists themselves, the propaganda writer is in trouble. "What are their politics?" demands a Congressman or one of the several security agencies set up to screen material before it gets to the point where Congress can leap on it. While those Congressmen who get artists—particularly abstract ones—mixed up with Communists are relatively few, their influence, which is out of all proportion to their number, permeates the minds of government workers with doubt and fear, and forces them to confine American art to those artists who have never signed a petition, made an ill-advised statement, written an ill-advised letter to the newspapers, or loved a doubtful friend.

Artists who have never done any of these things are either half dead or wholly dead, in which case they are considered O.K. to write about. For example, it is much easier to compose a State Department booklet on American painting of the nineteenth century than that of the twentieth. Thomas Eakins never had a chance to belong to an organization on the Attorney General's list, or Albert Ryder to sign a petition for sending aid to Loyalist Spain. The mind boggles at what Whitman, if he were alive today, might have involved himself in. But he's dead, so he can be the father of modern American poetry. It is obvious why propaganda writers head for those "symphonic groups" like homing pigeons. (Query from the State Department editor: "Could you change the pigeons? In translation, it might come out as a reference to That Dove.")

But in the end even the Congressman will not be soothed or enlightened by reading about how cultured we are as a nation. If you give him statistics, he will say, "Fine, we have all the culture Europe has, and we have a lot of other things besides." He will be quite happy until he hears the community symphonic group playing something by Henry Cowell or John Cage, and then he will start looking up the conductor in a list of subversives. All that can be done about him is to throw as much straight art as possible at him. In time he may realize that it is profoundly more subversive than even he thought, but perhaps he will also realize that in a free country it doesn't matter.

When I suggest that we should talk more about our artists and less about our cultured population, it is clear that I think our artists are doing all right, and that some of them are superb. A good many better-qualified people don't agree. Artists today in America, they say, are in despair. The gilt is off the gingerbread and there is no God. Well, artists are frequently in despair, usually because they can't get on with the next chapter, and a cheery, cultured attitude on the part of the rest of the population isn't going to make them do anything but snarl. Besides, while despair may not be a fruitful state for a non-artist, it can be fruitful for an artist, who must know as much as possible about all emotions.

The strongest argument against what I am saying is that a cultured population is important because it is the seed bed for artists. A learned and brilliant case could be made for this, but I am not sure that it is valid. Many critics have outlined the conditions under which art can and does blossom. Yet the arrival of an artist remains something unpredictable. He is an inexplicable and unexpected gift of God, a man of unusual talent and insight, of course, but, perhaps more important, of unusual energy, for this makes him able to carry through the most heartbreakingly difficult work in the world. Symphonic groups cannot distract him nor mass culture harm, for he is looking in another direction, into himself for the thing which is peculiarly his and which he must draw painfully up, like a heavy anchor out of a sea fathoms deep. There is no way the rest of us can help him except by leaving him alone, and yet we must ceaselessly hunt him down in order to find out what he has to tell us. In the modern world, there may be no God visible, but if He is here, the artist will see Him.

One System of Measurement

What the artist produces is particular to his time and place, and yet it is also what all the propaganda writers are looking for and wish were theirs, a true Esperanto, the only language which crosses national boundaries and which can be understood by men in all countries. From it the rest of the world will learn far more about the United States than from statistics about symphonic groups. Let us export our music, our painting, and our literature and forget about the advertising leaflets and preliminary selling copy. It is both logical and practical to do so, because, being international, our art is the most easily exportable product we manufacture. The thread gauges of art are the same all over the world. Artists use only one system of measurement.

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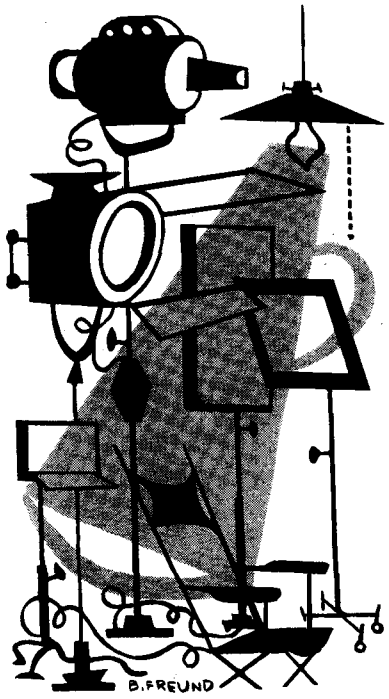
Chaplin: The Trouble With Being a Myth

ROBERT HATCH

We are told that Charles Chaplin worked on "Limelight" for more than three years. He wrote the story; composed the background music; invented the lyrics, tunes, and pantomime for four interpolated music-hall skits; originated the choreography for a ballet, and composed a concerto to go with it. He produced and directed the picture and appears on the screen for almost its entire length.

This display of energy and versatility is prodigious even in the man whom the late Bernard Shaw called the only genius in motion pictures. And what is the result? A movie of impressive dimensions and great technical skill that serves up a tidbit of pathos as though it were a feast of tragedy.

It is not good for a man to become a myth in his lifetime; particularly it is not good for an entertainer. He loses touch with his audience; he forgets, because many have called him great, that no one has called him infallible; no voice can reach him but the voice of the cult. He sees that people still attend him and does not know that they are listening for old echoes. No comedian should become so eminent as to feel that humor no longer becomes him.



Do not assume from this that you would walk out on "Limelight." No one walks out on Chaplin. He is still the most commanding personality the screen has ever known, and his body is still an instrument of uncanny eloquence. But the power to communicate is not necessarily the power to say something. By what misfortune does it happen that the world's greatest showman now detains us against our will?

Après Charlot le Deluge

The trouble goes all the way back to the tramp, Chaplin's miraculous clown. There were two sides to Charlie, as there are to most clowns. The first was a fantastic cock of the walk who kidded our sacred institutions and solemn paraphernalia with merciless acumen. He kept a slop bucket in a safe, and investigated a clock with a can opener. He slapped bankers on the back, and pinched a pretty cheek when he saw one. He had nothing but wit, grace, and agility with which to oppose the awful strength of custom and authority, but his weapons were a good deal more than sufficient.

The other Charlie was a beggar for sympathy and an apostle of pity. He pitied everything that stumbled or whimpered or wagged a tail; particularly, he pitied himself. There has never been a portrait of self-pity so vivid or so shocking as Charlie with a rose in his hand.

Impudence and pathos are the two

ingredients of all great clowning, and the art is in keeping a balance between them. As time went on, Charlie began to depend less on his bounce and more on sheer dampness to hold the crowd. We went to Chaplin's pictures to laugh at ourselves and found ourselves weeping for him. Perhaps, if you are an entertainer, it is more gratifying to produce tears than laughter. But the comedy in the tramp stemmed from a wicked insight into the foibles of society; the misery he evoked so well always sprang from the egotism of self-pity.

After a while, we became embarrassed by tears shed in such a poor cause. It was about then that Chaplin became interested in current affairs—Hitler and the immorality of war—and for quite a time we saw no more of Charlie.

In a sense, he has come back again in "Limelight." At least, the pathetic half of him has come back. There is almost no satire in the picture; it is a deluge of sentimentality. The story, which you will remember from other Chaplin pictures, is the fable of the outcast and the waif. It is almost a classic daydream of self-pity. A failure yourself, you find some creature still more

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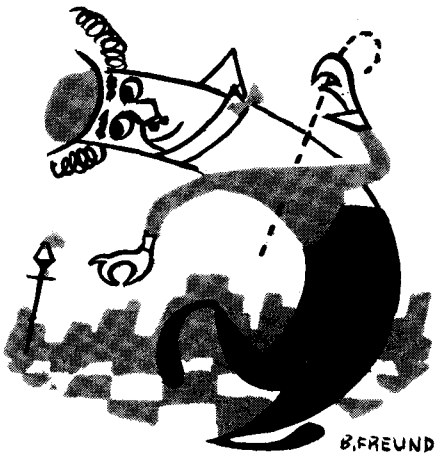


helpless which you can love because it looks up to you and depends on you. You nurse it and feed it, and you are both very happy until one day it betrays you by becoming strong. It invites you to come out and play in the world, but you have tried that before, and you know what always happens. So you stay behind in the security of your weakness and pity yourself because the waif has forsaken you.

That is not, of course, the way Chaplin tells it. For him, the story is full of heroism, noble renunciation, and high tragedy. He throws himself into it as though he were bringing new understanding to the world, not noticing that it is only a trite little anecdote and that he has told it before anyhow.

It is really a private obsession of Chaplin's, but he presents it as if it were a universal situation.

Talk in a Safe Room

On this occasion (the scene is London in 1914) Chaplin is Calvero, an aging and forgotten music-hall comedian. Coming home drunk one afternoon, he rescues Terry, a young ballet dancer who thinks herself paralyzed, from suicide.

He carries her to his room, tucks her into bed, and by solicitude and an astonishing flow of psycho-platitudes begins to teach her to walk again. Inside the room, everything is safe and childlike and pure. Terry can lie warm and drowsing while Calvero talks on and on about life and love and beauty, about the wonderful things that will happen by and by. Outside, the world is hard and coarse. Bills must be paid, the humiliation of begging must be endured (though one begs, of course, from an armless man who can also be pitied), and the landlady put the worst interpretation on a pretty girl in an old man's bed.

After a time, however, the waif gets well. A ballet is written for her, and other people gather to love and admire her. In gratitude, she asks Calvero to marry her, but June must not wed with December. So he runs away to hide in the motley of a street musician and leaves her to the arms of the perfect lover he had predicted long ago in the safe room.

In earlier days, that is where Chaplin would have ended his tale—with a closing shot down a long road. This time he adds a postscript that comes to much the same thing. Calvero is found and brought back, a gala benefit is arranged for him by old friends, he is a triumphant success, and amid the applause his heart fails and he dies.

CHAPLIN spends two hours and twenty-one minutes on this pathetic little morality. He invests every resource of his magnificent craftsmanship to make it live. As a demonstration of sustained concentration and virtuoso brilliance the picture is impressive. The most attractive thing about "Limelight" is the delight Chaplin still takes in his own technical skill.

Thus, to show what Calvero was like as the hero of the music halls, Chaplin interpolates into the story four complete variety acts—three solos and one duet with Buster Keaton. They are deliberately not very good because comedians like Calvero were not very talented, and their material was shabby even in 1914.

There is no reason except the exuberance of showmanship for displaying these antiques at such length. But one watches them in wonder because the impersonation is perfect to the last nuance of vulgarity, to the tiniest gesture and trick of timing that once coaxed applause from blasé Cockney crowds. In themselves, they are as commonplace as houseflies, but they have been caught in amber, and that makes the difference.

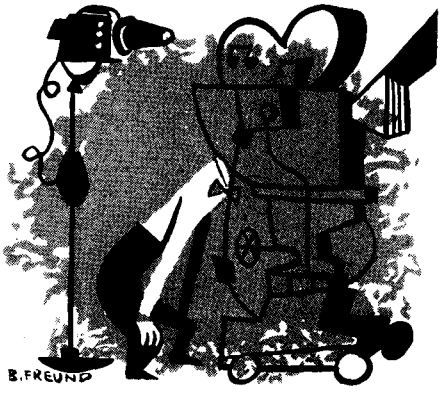
The ballet—inevitably, perhaps, it is "The Death of Columbine"—is a phenomenon of a different sort. Chaplin's skits are an uncanny feat of memory; his choreography is an uncanny feat of imitation. It looks like a dictionary definition of ballet: perfectly correct and entirely noncommittal. When Terry dances, she is played by Melissa Hayden; her partner is André Eglevsky. They are two of the most accomplished of contemporary dancers and, like good workmen hired for a job, they display their agilities with impersonal efficiency. They are not involved in what they are doing, but they satisfy.

When Terry is not dancing, she is played by Claire Bloom. Miss Bloom has a lovely and responsive face. Like all Chaplin heroines, it is her business to look lovely and to respond. In the later scenes, she seems to have more authority, but that is after Miss Hayden has danced. It may be that Miss Bloom's Terry takes on character when you have seen what Miss Hayden's Terry can do. Neville, the young lover, is just that. Sydney Chaplin, who plays him, never aspires to be a young man in love.

Last Monument?

It is just possible that Chaplin intends "Limelight" as his final picture. The nostalgic harking back to the first years of his career, the frank acknowledgment of age, the portrait of the actor as a forgotten man, and the full-dress performance of a favorite theme are all hints in that direction. But if "Limelight" is meant as Charles Chaplin's monument, it falls short of the occasion.

In any case, Chaplin built his monument years ago, and we are unlikely to accept another. It wears a derby hat and sports a bamboo cane.



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Evelyn Waugh's Unhappy Warrior

FREDERICK MORTON

MEN AT ARMS, by Evelyn Waugh. *Little, Brown. $3.50.*

GUY CROUCHBACK, the hero of *Men at Arms,* has a distinguished line of predecessors in the Waugh world, all of whom have marched with a kind of poker-faced timidity through the preposterousness of their respective novels. The typical Waugh hero is a little like Buster Keaton caught in a Marx Brothers movie.

The protagonist in *Decline and Fall* was expelled from Oxford because a band of roistering young Lords had stripped him trouserless on the Common. He fell in love with a beautiful and aristocratic lady whose business happened to be white slavery and because of whom he was jailed; he was then forced to discuss philosophy with a criminal maniac in order to gratify the experimental bent of the prison warder.

In *A Handful of Dust* Waugh's hero ended up in the darkest jungle with a lunatic forcing him, at dagger's point, to read aloud through Dickens's collected works. In *Scoop,* a satire on the Ethiopian War, Waugh had his man discover, at the most embarassing moments possible, that no matter what destination he gave to the only cab in Addis Ababa, it would always deliver him to the Swedish consulate. Even *Brideshead Revisited.* Waugh's most successful "serious" novel, relied importantly on the ridiculous: Sebastian Flyte's infatuation with his Teddy bear at Oxford foreshadowed his desperate search later on for a faith or a love.

Regardless of the setting, Waugh's virtuosity with the ludicrous achieves a twofold end: He capitalizes as adroitly as any author since Dickens on the Anglo-Saxon flair for eccentricity; he punctures with swift, cold thrusts the ideals that the twentieth-century bourgeoisie likes to think it lives by. This particular purpose of Waugh's was exposed in *Vile Bodies,* where Mrs. Ape's evangelical troupe of choir-singing angels called Creative Endeavor, Divine Discontent, and other lofty names is revealed to have been recruited from Midwestern burlesque houses.

IN *Men at Arms* (which is the first book in a projected trilogy) the plot situation is similar to that in Waugh's other humorous novels: Guy Crouchback, thirty-five, a divorced Catholic (the first of many careful paradoxes), is suddenly shaken out of his warm ensconcement in the Castello Crouch-

back somewhere north of Naples. It is 1939. Guy must go home to fight—first of all against clever variations of red tape that keep him from joining the fighting forces Britain is raising. He succeeds by accident in joining the Halberdiers, a bizarre ultra-English outfit full of excruciating traditions and exquisite vicissitudes. In fact, the Halberdiers seem more like an irritable, exclusive fraternity than an infantry brigade. Guy, commissioned a probationary officer, finds himself playing the role of a fraternity pledge.

He has to learn the correct toast to the Grand-Duchess Elena of Russia, Honorary Colonel-in-Chief of the brigade; to judge what are and what are not the "right" occasions for ordering claret at the evening mess; to display his swagger stick properly; to feel his way through the intricate solemnities of officers' etiquette.

On every third page, Guy comes a cropper, but again, as if by accident, he survives. He must suffer being called "Uncle" by his younger fellow officers; he tries vainly to conceal his nearsightedness with a monocle, his gaucherie with a mustache. He disastrously attempts to seduce his former wife. He endures a basic-training period run by his superiors like a first year at Oxford and must bear an advanced-training period administered like—and indeed located in—a lower middle-class prep school. He is subject as no Waugh victim ever was to the fantastic schemes, the bureaucratic tantrums, the elegant inanities of his bosses.

By sheer stubbornness Guy survives all that and by a rather magnanimous loan policy toward his consistently impoverished colleagues raises his stature to such a degree as to make some of his debtors mumble, "Old Uncle Crouchback is an awfully generous good-natured fellow really." And after emerging from his training only half-battered, he participated in the stillborn attack on Dakar with such awkward gallantry as to end up with a near court-martial.

Damaged Goods

Waugh has, in short, packed his latest novel with enough ominous slapstick to give his hero the works and his readers the particular form of amusement that results from a deft mixture of outrage and understatement.

The effect, though, is unusual. Waugh has not lost his sardonic flair,

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but here he produces little laughter. The difference lies in the hero's moral qualities. In his previous humorous works Waugh gave us protagonists armed with an indefatigable innocence. Bruised and baffled by a world they never made, they beat their heads against each new wall with a quiet dignity that was not only screamingly funny but also, because of the hopefulness and naïvete of the gesture, refreshing. Guy Crouchback, by contrast, is damaged goods to begin with:

"Into that wasteland where his soul languished he need not, could not, enter. He had no words to describe it. There were no words in any language. There was nothing to describe, merely a void. He was not an 'interesting case,' he thought. No cosmic struggle raged in his sad soul. It was as though eight years back he had suffered a tiny stroke of paralysis; all his spiritual faculties were just perceptibly impaired."

The author is never too explicit about this thrombosis of the soul. Guy's divorce had something to do with it, and so had the calcification of his emotional reflexes. But there is more:

"For eight years Guy, already set apart from his fellows by his own deep wound, that unstaunched, internal draining away of life and love, had been deprived of the loyalties which should have sustained him. He lived too close to Fascism in Italy to share the opposing enthusiasms of his countrymen. He saw it neither as a calamity nor as a re-birth; as a rough improvisation merely. He disliked the men who were edging themselves in power around him, but English denunciations sounded fatuous and dishonest and for the past three years he had given up his English newspapers."

By way of self-protection, Guy allows himself deliberately to become indifferent to evil. Unlike the heroes of *The Loved One* and *Decline and Fall,* he is thus not merely victimized but actually compromised by his environment in so far as he helps create it. When German bombs over Warsaw smoke him out of his Italian retreat and blow him into the quaint humiliations of English barracks life, he awakens reluctantly to the world-wide ramifications of morality.

A sense of guilt smolders in these pages. Guy is an all too familiar contemporary type. Our political consciences, our social irresponsibilities are suggested in the omissions of his past. He is, especially at the beginning of the book, much more than a straight man. There is an air of discreetly self-induced tragedy about him. Here the incongruity of the book enters. The nature of Guy's personality is meant to be taken entirely in earnest, whereas the grotesque twists of his fate are not. Waugh manages to make his protagonist a significantly injured character, but for that very reason we follow Guy uneasily through the brilliant nonsense

of the old Waughian burlesque apparatus. The novel suffers from a disturbing contrast between the soliloquy and the banana peel.

This curious lopsidedness of *Men at Arms* is further accented by the two grim-faced clowns who share star billing with Guy. The first of these, Lieutenant Apthorpe, is Guy's fellow Uncle (like the hero, he is a good deal older than the other officers of the brigade) and his companion in misery. Apthorpe cultivates two kinds of nastiness, one alcoholic and one sober; the sober nastiness never acknowledges the existence of the alcoholic, and the alcoholic improves cleverly upon the excesses of the sober. Apthorpe worships his own boots as though they were pagan gods. Apthorpe drags around with him a useless chaos of African camping equipment. Apthorpe forces Guy into an intricate conspiracy in order to accomplish the secret installation on barracks grounds of his private Indian field latrine. He treats his command like a small Balkan kingdom and tries to foment rebellions in adjacent formations. He is, in short, a silly nuisance carried to a cold, logical perfection.

In Brigadier Ben Ritchie-Hook we have a fine fierce cartoon of true Waugh vintage. The brigadier is a headhunter, a martinet, and a practical joker of formidable proportions. He plans strategy while roaring about on an old motorbike. He says grace by banging the table with a fork handle and shouting "Thank God." He evicts poor Apthorpe from his Indian field latrine first by an "out of bounds" sign, then by a booby trap, finally by a time bomb.

Ritchie-Hook, like Apthorpe, like Guy himself, is sometimes pretty funny. Waugh still flashes the old masterful timing, the verbal agility and the fingertip control of understatement. Only he could describe a dive bomber's attack on a train as "the passing of an agitated airman," or let the hero propose that his divorced wife fall into his arms with "It's just that I want you. D'you mind?" Nor has Waugh lost his old flair for nomenclature. Besides Crouchback we have Guy's brother-in-law, a commercial parvenu named Box-Bender. Such appellations bring us back to Lady Circumference, Lady Throbbing, and other ruthless ingenuities of the earlier novels.

Stunned Satirists

But the more deftness in farce Waugh displays, the more he seems to misspend his energy, for an undertone of languid, dour gravity infiltrates his lines. Most of the book's follies are seen through the eyes of Guy's bewildered self-pity. Waugh can make Uncle Crouchback fall on his backside in a thousand different imaginative ways. But the trouble is that we fully enjoy only the fall of the healthy or the pompous. Guy is neither. From the start he wears a lamed look so convincing that his misadventures draw a little wince along with every laugh.

Waugh meant to show in *Men at Arms* that war is a dramatic intensification of normal human experience. To Apthorpe it is an opportunity for personal aggrandizement, to Brigadier Ritchie-Hook an outlet for boyish cruelty, to Guy Crouchback a largely abortive effort toward spiritual self-renewal. The author's message is still satirical in technique, but his caricatures, for all their craftsmanship, suffocate in a socially and religiously conscious melancholy. Waugh suffers from the contemporary disadvantage of the satirist: The world is so much with him that he can no longer step back and select, at his leisure, the perspectives suitable for hilarious distortion. The conflicts are too close, the emergencies too imminent.

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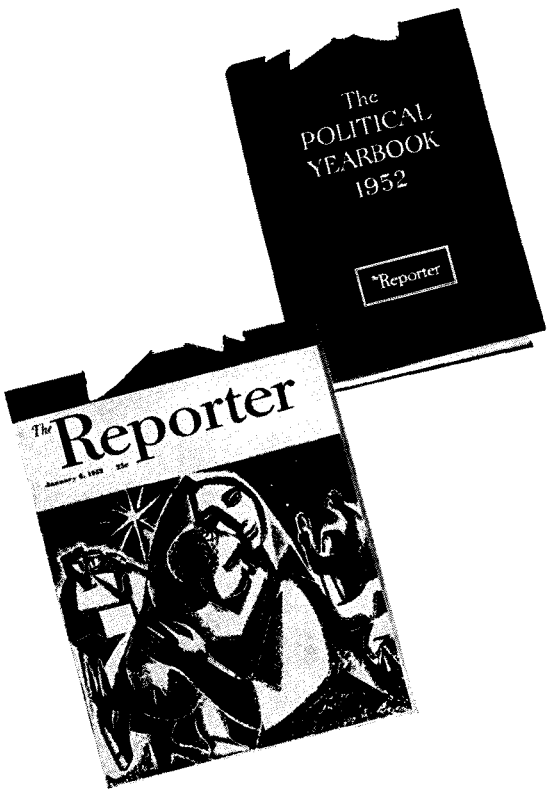

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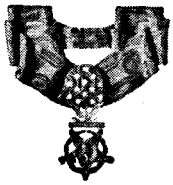
M/Sgt. Hubert L. Lee, USA Medal of Honor



FOUR TIMES Sergeant Lee's platoon had taken, then lost, the hill near Ip-o-ri. On the fifth try, the sergeant, though hurt, was leading. A Red grenade hit him, seriously wounding both legs. Refusing assistance, he advanced by crawling, rising to his knees to fire. He caught a rifle bullet in the back. Still he wouldn't be stopped. Finally, with 12 survivors of his platoon, he took the hill, then let the stretcher-bearers carry him away. Today Sergeant Hubert Lee says:

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